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Consolidation of the West

IT would be easy to dismiss the London Conference as a "get-together" which dissipated its energies in issuing wordy communiqués and piling yet another committee on the heap of committees which is all that at present exists of Western defence. Easy, but misleading. The process by which democracies make up their minds to collaborate is slow and tortuous, a matter not of clear-cut decisions on matters of principle, but of *ad hoc* expedients which slowly add up to a decision of policy. From this point of view, the London Conference was both the culmination of a lengthy process of improvisation and the point of departure for a new series of mutual commitments. M. Schuman's initiative has both revived the flagging idea of Western Union and sharply reminded the Americans that Europe refuses to be treated merely as a strategic outpost in the defence of the New World. No European statesman could accede to the Pentagon's imperious demand and scale up the pace of rearmament in order to be ready for war by 1953. So far indeed from passively accepting orders from Washington, the European representatives in London pressed their own demands on the U.S.A. and very nearly brought Mr. Acheson to the point of admitting that Marshall Aid must be transformed into permanent measures for dealing with the dollar crisis.

When the Foreign Ministers return to their normal work, however, they will find that, besides resolving conflicts, they have posed themselves a whole new set of problems. Consolidation of the West is now agreed to be an Atlantic problem, in which the U.S.A., both militarily and economically, must assume a continuing role. On the other hand, Western Europe, as Dr. Adenauer, as well as M. Schuman, has emphasised, still aims at the status of an independent Third Force, within the larger Atlantic Union; and Britain is still trying to maintain her special position as mediator between Europe and the U.S.A. In the grandiose concept of Western unity, therefore, the areas of uncertainty and the occasions of dispute are obviously still large. No one can predict what commitments the U.S.A. will actually be ready to assume after Marshall Aid has ended; whether Britain will decide to make or break the Schuman Plan; or what politics the Germans will choose to play in the Council of Europe. It would be true to say that the Conference showed a General Will to self-preservation; but neither the forms in which that General Will can realise itself nor the barriers against its disintegration, either by national self-interest or by economic collapse, have been found.

The first test will probably come on military defence. At the Conference the Americans urged that they should be charged with the defence of the sea lanes and that the European Powers, including Britain, should correspondingly scale down their naval budgets. We have frequently urged that Britain should leave to the U.S.A. the costly outlay on strategic bombing; and we can see no case for the maintenance in any European navy of either the battleship or the aircraft carrier. But those who remember the anxious Spring of 1942, when most of the American merchant fleet was massacred by German submarines, will think twice before deciding that Europe can hand over the defence of the Atlantic to the U.S.A. Indeed, from a technical standpoint, what is needed is American participation in European land defences sufficient to dispose of the arguments for German rearmament and to permit European Powers to allot adequate men and materials to anti-submarine activities, while keeping their land armies at economically reasonable proportions.

It is a measure of the "success" of the London Conference that this debate about the division of defence responsibilities is no longer purely academic. The principle of permanent mutual defence and economic aid has apparently at last been agreed. Whether this leads to war or prevents it depends on the detailed application of that principle. And this has scarcely begun.

South-East Asia

While Mr. Bevin, at the London Conference, was resisting—not without success—American pressure in favour of expenditure on guns at the expense of butter, the British delegation at the Sydney Conference on economic aid for South-East Asia was adopting an even more cautious attitude towards financial expenditure. It was finally agreed that "within the next few months" a Commonwealth bureau should be established at Colombo to co-ordinate the organisation of technical assistance, and that this form of aid should be financed over the next three years to the tune of £8 millions—

about half Britain's annual expenditure on the war in Malaya. There was no agreement, however, on Mr. Spender's proposal to establish immediately a Commonwealth fund of £15 millions to enable South-East Asian countries to obtain emergency food and medical supplies. This project apparently will be reconsidered in September, when another conference will be held in London with the object of drawing up a comprehensive report stating the needs and resources of all countries in the area. Thereafter, work will begin on drawing up a six-year development programme. How much money will such a programme require, and where is it to come from? The Sydney Conference was silent on all this.

Meanwhile the United Nations Conference at Bangkok seems to have surveyed, in its turn, South-East Asia's economic needs, with little positive results; and not much more in the way of constructive proposals is likely to emerge from the Asian Conference which the President of the Philippines is holding this week. In the attempt of the Western Powers to "save" South-East Asia from Communism, there is a curious air of irresolution and futility. Indeed, nothing effective is likely to be done until political recognition is given to the strength of nationalist movements both in Indo-China, where the situation is described by a correspondent on a later page, and also—as we trust Mr. Strachey and Mr. Griffiths will conclude from their current visit—in Malaya.

The Dorking Conference

For the Labour Party Conference last week-end Mr. Morgan Phillips achieved a rare combination of top-secrecy and top-publicity. The goings-on at Beatrice Webb House received far more attention in the press than those of the Foreign Ministers at Lancaster House; and even less was divulged to the public of what actually happened. Without revealing any secrets, however, it can be confidently stated that an assembly consisting of the National Executive of the Labour Party, the Cabinet and representatives of the T.U.C. and Co-operative Union, listened to many speeches and reached no conclusions. The importance indeed of this well-staged secret "parley," was the opportunity it gave to Mr. Morrison to "take the sense" of the Labour Movement and so to assure his colleagues on the Executive that they need fear no hostile reactions within the ranks if they play safe in the next election programme.

By making the uncritical demand for more nationalisation his main test of Socialist fervour, Mr. Bevan has played into the hands of an agile adversary and created the impression that it is the Right Wing of the Party which is now open to new ideas. Mr. Morrison could be reckoned on to exploit any opening that he was offered in the struggle for power. He could use the presence of Co-op. representatives to remind his colleagues that, in the case of sugar, the distributive trades and insurance, there is a powerful section of the Labour Movement anxious that methods of socialisation other than the nationalisation of whole industries should be tried out.

The danger—and it is a real one—is that Mr. Morrison's success will be interpreted by the Executive as a vindication of "consolidation," and that Sir Stafford Cripps' present mood of optimism will be used to justify another bonfire of controls and another attempt to return as far as possible to the price mechanism. Such a policy would certainly be popular among the big-wigs of the T.U.C. and the Co-operative Union. But the Labour Party will not achieve a new momentum by pandering to complacency. Its duty is to stimulate the trade unions and the Co-ops. into the revolutionary changes in their own structure without which Socialism's next step cannot be taken, while simultaneously solving its own special political problem—how to plan the private sector of the economy now war-time scarcity has disappeared.

The End of Points

The range of goods covered by points rationing had become so limited that Mr. Webb was clearly right in his decision to end altogether a system whose cost, in time spent by shop assistants in cutting and counting the coupons, was disproportionate now to any results achieved in fairer allocation of scarce food. Individual grocers can probably be relied on to share out their supplies fairly enough among their customers; and though the ending of the points system may make it more difficult to ensure that shops catering for well-filled purses do not secure from wholesalers an unduly high proportion, as compared with retailers in working-class areas, of rarities such as imported canned fruit and the better qualities of canned fish, it is by no means certain that this tendency could have been wholly checked even if points rationing, in its restricted form, had continued.

The truth of the matter is that spendable incomes of working-class families have not kept pace either with the rise since the war in the prices of unsubsidised foodstuffs or with the expansion in the volume and range of available supplies. There may be a drain on retailers' stocks of syrup, which is relatively cheap and can be used as a substitute for sugar in cooking; and there is perhaps a danger that chocolate biscuits will "go under the counter." But, on the whole, it seems unlikely that freedom to buy goods previously on points will lead to a great rush of buying. Rationing by the purse has now become effective.

The Cost of Houses

The Second Report of the Girdwood Committee is not an optimistic document. Between October, 1947, and October, 1949, the cost of the average house has risen by £79 to £1,321, an increase due to a rise of £104 in the general level of building costs, and a rise of £16 resulting from an increase in size, partially offset by a saving of £41 by simplified design. These additional costs would have been larger still had there not been a rise in productivity which reduced the man-hours per house from 45 to 26 per cent. above pre-war figures. This improvement in the labour situation is encouraging, and the Report suggests that it more than compensates for the added cost of incentive and bonus schemes.

But it is clear that it is going to be difficult to hold housing costs at their present level, let alone reduce them. The Committee rightly recommends measures for rationalising contracting and design—there are wide discrepancies between the practices of Local Authorities—and for increasing the efficiency of the existing building force. But it will be difficult to persuade local councils to substitute terrace houses for the traditional semi-detached homes, and there may be objections to many of the minor economies of design set out in the appendix. Some of them are reasonable—the omission of picture rails, changes in the plumbing and electrical systems, the reduction in the size of paths, the substitution of earthenware for steel sinks. But others may be penny-wise, such as the use of distemper instead of paint in kitchens and bathrooms. It would be folly to put up austerity houses which might carry a repair burden heavier than the economies made in construction. The long-term solution is a much greater standardisation of components, unit-design and an attack upon the "ring" prices of many builders' materials.

Political Tests

At two meetings last week-end the question of political tests in relation to scientific research and academic work was debated. First, there was the vote of the Association of Scientific Workers' annual conference on the protest against the dismissal of Joliot-Curie from the direction of French atomic research. The concern of British scientists over the affair is deeper than the vote of 89 for the protest, 29 against and 31 abstentions would suggest. Whatever his political motivations, Joliot-Curie has always stood against secrecy in scientific research, atomic or otherwise; and he took that stand, scientifically and not politically, in 1940.

It is ironical for nuclear physicists, wracked by secrecy, to remember that it was they, not military secrecy, who first pulled down the shutters. Some of the eminent American scientists who are now crippled in their researches and are lamenting the dearth of nuclear physics students, because youngsters will not submit to the indignities of "screenings," were among those who reproached their French colleagues ten years ago. Even more paradoxical is the position of some of them who, rather than have their work disappear into the maw of official secrecy, are withholding their results from the U.S. Government, while Joliot-Curie, the political outcast, handed over all his patents to the French State.

At Swansea the Association of University Teachers decided, after a long debate, that it could take no action "at this stage" in the case of Mr. Andrew Rothstein, whose lectureship in Soviet Institutions has not been renewed by the School of Slavonic Studies. The reason was that "the Council has not obtained any evidence that discrimination was exercised against him on political grounds." A resolution suggesting an independent inquiry into the matter by the Senate of the University of London was apparently lost by a majority of something under 2 to 1. This does not seem entirely logical, although it may be convenient. The positive evidence of Mr. Rothstein's scholarship—the lack of which was the ostensible reason for his dismissal, and which has been discussed in our correspondence columns—was not challenged by those who upheld the action of the School's management; and the resolution adopted only mentions the point indirectly by a discreet reference to "the anxiety which has been caused." Obviously the question is far from closed.

PARLIAMENT : Hot House Air

Wednesday

In certain respects, the Parliamentary Conservative Party is weaker as a result of the election. Whereas the accession to the back benches of men like MacLeod and Maudling has brought fresh debating skill and teamwork, the appearance of Mr. Sandys, ex-Minister of Works, and Miss Horsburgh, ex-Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, means a further dilution of leadership. Tradition dictates that these two must play leading roles in housing debates, but this week's experience proves that it is a source of embarrassment. The Working Party's Report on building, a subject chosen by the Opposition, might have been the basis of a serious attack on Mr. Bevan's stewardship; but the Sandys-Horsburgh combination made it a pathetic demonstration of Tory muddle-headedness and pusillanimity.

Mr. Sandys could not quite grasp that the difference between building Council houses and houses under private licence is not a contrast between public enterprise building and private enterprise. He just did not want to face the implications of the fact that practically all houses are, in fact, built by private enterprise. Nor did he see any inconsistency in devoting considerable time to arguing the case for more stable and long-term planning of housing, and then suggesting that the ratio between building for Council tenants and building for private licensees be left to the arbitrary discretion of Local Authorities.

Miss Horsburgh, who wound up for the Opposition, got thoroughly bogged down by her own rhetorical questions. Although there is a House rule against idle repetition, fortunately for Miss Horsburgh it is rarely applied.

So, once again, Mr. Bevan bewitched the Tories. Obsessed as they are about the Minister, they allow the case against the Ministry to go by default. Some argued that he had tried to do too much: others, that he had tried too little. Half the argument was for more definite planning, and the other half for more speculative building. So they could not complain if Bevan's reply was the customarily vigorous and masterly lambasting of the Tory record—with the usual exordium about the long line of Tory ex-speakers on housing, the usual discourse about elementary economic facts and how full employment has increased the demand for housing.

The melodramatic finale to housing debates has had a longer run than *Oklahoma*. Monday's performance might well have been stage-managed: with Churchill's light-hearted entrée five minutes before "time," the lone Bevan (almost unaccompanied by Cabinet colleagues) challenging him to defend his son-in-law, and—amid general uproar—the ruffled Buchan-Hepburn thrusting the closure on a harassed Chairman almost too late. In any case, warmer weather always brings its quota of "scenes" in the House.

Unaided by Stokes's clumsy *début*, Labour Members concentrated on defending the Government's record and criticising the trade. Of the twenty-seven causes of falling productivity listed in the Report, said Mikardo, only six refer to Government controls and one to the attitude of the workers. Gibson quoted an interesting example of restrictive practices in the sand industry, and Baird argued the benefits of direct labour. However, although the Building Report recommended that all housing responsibilities be centred in a single Government Department, nobody quoted *Let Us Face The Future* on the subject of a Housing Ministry.

STEPHEN SWINGLER

The High Costs of Farming

If bank balances were the measure of human happiness, the farmers to-day would be happy men; for all the tirades of the National Farmers' Union against Mr. Evans have not upset the truth of his statement that to-day the British agriculturist is having the time of his life. It is not, however, in the nature of farmers to be exuberantly happy, even in prosperity; and, as Nigel Harvey points out on a later page, even the strongest assurances of continued Government support for home agriculture fail to remove the farmer's suspicion that the political weather will soon play him false again, as it has done so often in the past. Even the Government's promptitude in snatching the knife from Mr. Evans's hands has not reassured his intended victims. They are still uttering, as loudly as ever, the cries of outraged virtue.

It is not, however, capable of denial that farm incomes, net of costs, have risen much more sharply since 1939 than incomes of any other sort, or that even the relatively inefficient farmer runs practically no risk, under present conditions, of failing to reap a profit that is very high in relation to the past. Nor can it be denied that the cost of home-grown food is now, in every important case, a long way ahead of the cost of similar imports. The farmers' answer to the statement that aggregate full-time farm incomes have risen more than five-fold since the last pre-war year is not a denial, but a counter-statement that they were much too low then and that a large part of the increase is needed for overdue capital expenditure on the land, on farm buildings, and on mechanisation to offset the increased cost and scarcity of agricultural labour.

To a considerable extent, both these counter-assertions are true. But it is also true, as Mr. Evans has argued, that, despite the concentration on securing the highest possible total production, the increase in output lags a long way behind the rise in costs and profits. Moreover, the gap between home and overseas costs has been getting considerably wider as world agriculture has recovered from the effects of war and as the world scarcity of food, as it affects Europe, has been largely overcome. The hard fact is that British agriculture, on the basis of the existing structure of land-cultivation, still obeys the law of diminishing returns; and, within this structure, the pursuit of high aggregate production is inconsistent with the pursuit of low costs.

The offering of sufficient inducements, not only to the "marginal" farmer but also to the average farmer to make full use of his "marginal" acres, involves presenting large windfall profits not only to the better farmers but also to the average farmer in respect of most of his land and equipment; and at the same time the cost of capital re-equipment and mechanisation is artificially increased by the necessity of applying these things to farm units which are in many cases too small and too ill-based to allow the new equipment to be efficiently used. These economic disadvantages are aggravated by the fact that the measures which are supposed to authorise the compulsory weeding out of inefficient farmers operate in practice to give almost complete security of tenure except to the extremely inefficient. Thus the difficulty of improving the structure of British farming has become greater than ever before.

Perhaps an average net income of £750 per farm is not too high, though it covers very large returns to the more profitable units; certainly the higher wage now earned by the farm labourer is no more than fair, and none too much to keep (barely enough) labour on the land in face of alternative openings for employment. Against this, it must be said also that the cost to the taxpayers of the improvement in rural incomes is excessive and cannot in the long run be sustained. The farmers are perfectly correct in suspecting that, whatever the present attitude of both the leading political parties may be, the time will come when, if cheaper supplies of food from overseas continue to be available, the taxpayers and consumers will revolt against the maintenance of high-cost home farming, and the golden age of agriculture will come to an abrupt end—that is, unless the costs of production can be reduced to a much more reasonable level.

Such cost-cutting, however, would involve a drastic social and economic operation that could be undertaken only if the land were publicly owned and holdings drastically re-arranged and re-capitalised, not out of excess profits, but by a planned investment of public funds. The Labour Party is at present no more prepared to undertake such a major operation than the Conservatives are; nor can it easily be undertaken until there has been a considerable easing of the investment situation in general and a clearer appreciation of the forms of agricultural enterprise on which it will be profitable for this country to concentrate its main long-run efforts. In face of these difficulties there is no real short-run alternative to the policy that is being actually pursued. Both the balance-of-payments position and the uncertainty of the political outlook make it indispensable to keep total home food production high, even with world food prices falling; and this means presenting the agricultural producers with large windfall profits because of the excessively high cost of getting the marginal output.

It may be that the Government, in its anxiety to placate the farmers, has gone even further in this direction than it was necessary to go; but no really big reduction in farm incomes can be made consistently with high total output until the Government is in a position, and has the will, to tackle the major problem of fundamental reorganisation of land holding. And that, as Dr. Orwin sufficiently demonstrated a long time ago, involves nationalisation and therewith a political struggle throughout the rural areas which only a determined Government with a secure popular backing would be likely to face, even under the most propitious economic conditions.

Report on the Viet-Minh

THE circumstances that attended the birth of the Viet-Minh, otherwise the League for Vietnamese Independence, were the French collapse in the West and the subsequent unopposed occupation by the Japanese of Indo-China. Many of the Vietnamese, having first inclined their ear to the seductive pipings of Japanese propaganda, were cruelly disabused to find a striking lack of Asiatic solidarity on the part of the invader, once installed. Revolutionaries of the old brigade who dared to lift their heads were quickly rounded up and handed over to the French, who were, of course, delighted. French colonists roll their eyes in rapture at the memory of this early phase of the collaborationist honeymoon, admitting without embarrassment that it was the most peaceful and prosperous epoch they had ever known. The Japanese weeded out the trouble-makers for them, and left them to the peaceful exploitation of their plantations. Thus it was that the Viet-Minh (formed in 1942) became the only active opponent of the Axis in South-East Asia.

In March, 1945, when the Japanese felt their grip to be weakening, they interned the French and installed a "sympathetic" Vietnamese Government, headed, after the manner of Henry Pu Yi of Manchukuo, by the Emperor Bao Dai —who promptly abdicated on the Japanese collapse in the August of that year. The concluding words of the Emperor's abdication speech were: "Long live our democratic Republic!" He was referring to the Republic of the Viet-Minh, with a Government composed of 10 Marxists and 292 deputies of other parties, with Ho-Chi-Minh as President. It is important to remember this six months' interlude of Bao Dai's as a Japanese puppet, since it is impossible for the average Vietnamese to avoid a comparison with his rôle of those days and the one he plays now since his re-installation by the French. This largely explains the antipathy in which he is held by his nominal subjects.

In September, 1945, a French expeditionary force supported by British troops landed at Saigon, while a few months later Chiang-Kai-shek gave permission for more French troops to cross the Chinese border into Tonkin. Thus the present war in Indo-China began. It has lasted four and a half years at a cost to the French of about a million dollars per day as well as casualties totalling approximately 120,000 killed and wounded and 15,000 taken prisoner. During that time the French have painfully re-conquered most of the Tonkinese rice basin and about half that of Cochin-China. They have also re-occupied the larger towns, although their hold rarely extends beyond the suburbs, and the state of security is such that to sit in a café in Saigon after nightfall is to expose oneself to risk of damage or elimination by a hand grenade.

In Cochin-China, communications between the principal towns have been kept open by the laborious building of defence-towers at intervals of approximately 2 kilometres along the roads. These are only effective in daylight. At night the garrisons draw up their ladders and barricade themselves in, the area thus reverting to no-man's land. Since it is not possible to extend this tower-defence system over great distances, convoys are used, but under truly appalling conditions, owing to the denseness of the jungle that covers much of the country. In the sectors considered most dangerous attempts have been made to clear the jungle for a 100 yards or so on each side of the road, but this is a task which would take many years to complete. As it is, convoys remain at the mercy of ambushes whenever and wherever the Viet-Minh thinks fit to stage them. Such attacks have been inevitably successful, with an average loss of 50 per cent. of the vehicles involved. By the time parachutists can be dropped the attackers have disappeared.

In these precarious circumstances, then, with enormous cost in money, labour and life, the French hold perhaps one fifth of Viet-Nam. To dismiss the Government and the army of the Viet-Minh—whatever the colour of one's politics—as mere terrorists or bandits, is to indulge in self-delusion; all the more so since for over four years they have administered with reasonable success the proportion of the country which they occupy.

It is extraordinary how little is known of conditions in Viet-Minh territory. I had been several weeks in Indo-China before I met anyone able to give some sort of a first-hand account. This was a minor official of the Bao Dai Government who had been kidnapped—quite characteristically in a small French-held garrison town—charged with collaboration, and sentenced to a period of "re-education" in the Plaine des Joncs. This southern redoubt of the Viet-Minh is a vast swamp, nearly the size of Yorkshire, which at its nearest point is ten miles from Saigon. In it are located the G.H.Q. of the Viet-Minh Southern army, the hospitals, arms factories, and detention centres of the type this collaborating official experienced. Since the area is an unmapped network of tens of thousands of interlacing canals, roofed over by water-palms, air reconnaissance is impossible and the occasional commando raids made by the French never attempt a deep penetration.

In one such raid our friend said that his guards just disappeared and came back when the danger was over. The Viet-Minh never troubled with conventional P.W. cages, leaving it to the maze of waterways to do the work of barbed wire, but prisoners who made no attempt to escape at such times received a few words of approval and sometimes a small extra privilege. Our man had only risked a getaway on account of some family trouble that had been playing on his mind. One thing had greatly impressed him during his captivity and had, in fact, dwarfed all his other experiences by its sheer Utopian preposterousness. This was that it was a punishable offence, when eating, to dip one's chopsticks into the common rice bowl. A special pair of chopsticks were provided for this purpose, a staggering—and according to him quite unnecessary—refinement, unknown in the most formal of Vietnamese state banquets.

Later, I was myself able, after many difficulties, to pay a short visit to a Viet-Minh position in this area. This was an outpost which was being enlarged to accommodate troops that were being brought in from another district. Soldiers were working at great speed erecting barrack rooms and administrative buildings of bamboo and plaited palm leaves. No attempt was made, as in the case of French posts, to build elaborate defensive palisades of sharpened bamboo staves; reliance was placed on the natural screen provided by the dense walls of water-palms. The Viet-Minh, incidentally, claim to possess an extremely effective intelligence system enabling them to keep constant track of the movements of all French troops together with the strength of such effectives and precise details of their equipment. Thus from the moment a French attacking force left its barracks its movements were plotted at the Viet-Minh Signals H.Q. and alerts were radioed thence to the units likely to be affected. Viet-Minh posts were never allowed to engage French forces on their own initiative; the Plaine des Joncs was regarded as essentially a military nerve centre and, therefore, to be disturbed by operations as little as possible. All it was necessary to do, they explained, was to keep quiet and let the French go through, the troops being conveyed in armoured barges which were too large to leave the main waterways.

Occasionally a Viet-Minh post received a delivery of naval mines (with the most meticulous instructions for their laying) and a barge or two would be blown up. Apart from that, no resistance was ever attempted and only unheralded airborne operations disturbed the normally peaceful atmosphere. At such times units considered to be in danger might receive radio instructions to evacuate their posts, and to meet this eventuality motor sampans—fitted with the engines of captured jeeps—were always in readiness. It seems true that Viet-Minh intelligence is very good indeed. Several foreign journalists I met accompanied French patrols and operational units without ever succeeding in contacting the enemy. On the other hand their security is somewhat poor owing to their mania for paper and the written word. Thus prisoners are inevitably found to be carrying about their persons a great deal of useful information, usually including a log-book which has to be written up daily for the Commander's inspection. Primitive codes are sometimes attempted but are quickly broken.

Soldiers of the Viet-Minh wear uniforms of black calico with American steel helmets and carry no badge of rank. Privates do not salute officers and address them as "Brother." Despite this discipline is strict. Pay is the same for all ranks. There are many women serving with the army, who do not fight, but share in guard duties, just as soldiers are obliged to take a turn in various domestic tasks such as cooking. Reveille is at 5 a.m., and organised sports follow until 8 a.m., when the working day starts. There are two meals only, one at ten in the morning and the other at five in the afternoon. After that the soldier's time is more or less his own, but he is supposed to help in local cultural activities particularly in the clearing up of any pockets of illiteracy that may remain in the area. The atmosphere—and this seems to be the concomitant of all such revolutions—is puritanical.

The Viet-Minh associate colonial rule with the State encouragement of gaming and prostitution, the State monopoly of opium and the compulsory consumption of alcohol—a preposterous abuse, only modified during the war years, by which each village was compelled to purchase from the State monopolist the equivalent of seven litres of alcohol per person, per annum. All these things are, therefore, outlawed, and it is natural that the pendulum should have swung in the other direction. It is, in consequence, strictly forbidden to possess almost any article of Western origin. A woman found, for instance, in possession of lipstick or perfume is liable to be punished with severe public criticism. An attitude of sobriety and self-sacrifice is expected from all citizens at what is termed the vital hour in the nation's life. But lest it be thought that total austerity reigns in the Vietnamese Democratic Republic it should be added that great importance is paid to the renaissance of the theatre and to music, both Western and Oriental. The first Viet-Minh soldier I saw carried a guitar on his back as well as a Sten gun.

NORMAN LEWIS

(To be concluded)

London Diary

I SEE that the Editor of the *Burlington Magazine* has been asking why the National Gallery does not re-open more of its rooms. The basic reason can be found, surely, in the revelations we have had during the last few years about the appalling condition of many of the nation's pictures. In view of those disclosures the Trustees rightly decided, in 1946, that drastic action must be taken to stop the rot among the Old Masters; and they embarked, therefore, upon a scheme for re-building the west half of the Gallery (which had been shattered by bombs) on an air-conditioned system of construction. This job involves a major operation on an old-fashioned and unsympathetic building, and I am not surprised that the Ministry of Works has not finished it yet. It is the first attempt made in any country to install the massive plant of air-conditioning in an old museum, and it is an endeavour full of mechanical headaches. However, the Director, Sir Philip Hendy, tells me that the first of the air-conditioned rooms should be ready in July—and there, I hope, the most precious of the cleaned pictures will at last be preserved from the acidulated dirt of the London air.

Meanwhile, though only half the rooms survived the Blitz, nearly 500 of the pre-war 800 pictures are hanging again. This restoration by instalments is a bit of a nuisance to the public, who have to mill around while plastering and re-hanging is in progress, but it is surely better than closing the Gallery for many months. Like the Windmill Theatre, the National Gallery can use the proud motto "We Never Closed," for it was in continuous use for various cultural activities throughout the war. The delays in restoring it to full use, however deplorable, do not seem to me to betoken apathy either at the Gallery or at the harassed Ministry of Works. I was impressed, the other day, by the flow of visitors through the turnstiles—most of them, I thought, in the lower age-brackets.

It was recently announced by the E.C.A. Mission to the U.K. that Marshall Aid is to be given to an American paper-cover publisher to print and distribute cheap books in this country. The blessings outlined in this decree remind me of similar benefits conferred in the past by traders and missionaries upon the innocent Polynesians. The particular firm which is to operate in this country publishes, I admit, a list which includes quality as well as dross; but this might well be the thin end of a nasty wedge. By and large, the lurid-coloured volumes that infest the racks of American drug-stores are a product definitely inferior to that published in this country by Penguins, Pan Books and Guild Books, yet the Americans are now being licensed and subsidised to invade a market in which we are decidedly their betters. The rich uncle who puts the pennies in our money box reserves the right, it seems, to "invest" them on our behalf. If he invested them in washing-machines or roller-skates I wouldn't mind, but when his benevolence is applied to books I think we should be better off without it.

* * *

In nearly every West End restaurant where I have eaten since the five-shilling limit came off, I have been offered—and usually accepted—a nice bit of steak. This novel, and sustaining, experience has prompted me to wonder, as the digestive juices mellow my thoughts, where this carnivorous bounty has come from? Am I now savouring, above board, what less innocent customers have always been eating under the counter? Or is there some inverse ratio between controls and fecundity which accounts for this sudden bonus of proteins? I am baffled—and so, I bet, is the Ministry of Food. Meanwhile the bills being presented, just now, to the liberated luncher are as shocking as Tax Demands. Our purses will not sustain, even if our bellies would, the price of gastronomic emancipation.

* * *

The legion of visas required for foreign travel has been reduced by about 60—and credit for this should go to the International Union of Official Travel Organisations. Dare we hope for the early eradication of passports as well, at least among the countries of Western Europe? Already citizens of Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg and France can cross each other's borders without showing more than their national identity cards. Could not a start be made in the U.K. by the introduction of "no passport" short-term visits to the U.K. by citizens of Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg and France?

* * *

A long time ago J. M. Barrie remarked that "the man of science appears to be the only man who has anything to say just now—and the only man who does not know how to say it." This situation is causing growing concern in scientific circles, and the latest sign of it is a little booklet just produced by the Royal Society on "General Notes on the Preparation of Scientific Papers." It seems that many young scientists are incapable of giving an account of the research they have done even in the prescribed, very formal and standardised manner of a paper for a scientific journal, let alone something in the freer style of a general article, and there is in consequence a real risk of their discoveries being overlooked by their colleagues. An editor tells me that many of them are unbearably pompous and involved on paper. To be (as they believe) "objective," they go through incredible torture to avoid such direct phrases as "we thought" and "I did." They seem to fear that the simple language of conversation will be insufficiently impressive in print—else how explain the kind of long-winded writing which puts "members of the engineering profession" for "engineers," and delights in a display of effete abstract nouns? But above all, few of them have much idea of relevance and of getting a sequence of ideas. They jump upwards and forwards amongst their thoughts and experiments, occasionally pausing to sniff at some crumb of knowledge spilt on another traveller's journey, and thoroughly bewilder and confuse the reader. Those who are now debating the future of technical education should take note of this illiteracy in our new technical graduates. Its treatment requires some pondering.

* * *

Most Londoners, and all race-course visitors, have seen "Prince" Monolulu, that monolithic figure of ebony wearing a costume which achieves its *panache* in a cluster of tossing feathers. He looks as Ethiopian as any giant who attended the conference between Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, but I heard him the other day talking fluent and animated Danish with a couple of people from Copenhagen. He was born, well over 70 years ago, in the Virgin Islands, which the thrifty Danes sold to America after 1918.

W. E. WILLIAMS

RED HERRINGS

The 30 Russian trawlers . . . anchored yesterday afternoon . . . their progress round the coast was closely watched by the Admiralty.—*The Times.*

" O where are you going you Soviet trawlers,
And why through the Straits do you pass on your way ?
If you are just trawling, then why are you calling
At Christchurch and Falmouth and Cornwall's Mount's Bay ?

" O what are you here for you mystery squadrons,
Are you trawlers or tugs or disguised submarines ?
The watchful First Sea Lord is watching the seaboard—
Are you only just fishing for sprats and sardines?

" Why do you cast anchor, you Russian flotilla,
And must you pass England to reach the Black Sea ?
We have a suspicion you are out on a mission—
Have you brought us a load of red herrings for tea ?

" O what have you come for, you Soviet armada ?
The Hammer and Sickle we notice you fly ;
Though the weather is risky for the crossing of Biscay,
We shall be most relieved when you signal ' Goodbye '."

" We have called to refuel our tugs and our trawlers,
As we steam round your shore to our new fishing-ground ;
We must pass by your island for we can't sail on dry land,
O, from Baltic to Black Sea we've got to go round."

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The London designers make clothes for real women; for women who live in the country, drive cars, go shopping, lunch out, sit on committees, drop in for drinks, go to Ascot, give parties, holiday abroad.—*Vogue.* (G. Kaye.)

I enquired about maternity belts for you in a big West End store this week, was told: "We don't have anything like that. . . .
"We do a more exclusive trade here. A better type of customer."—*News Chronicle.* (C. McA. Proudfoot.)

The fact that West Wickham fire station is situated in a road which is blocked at both ends was mentioned by Mr. F. A. Ruler, secretary of Hayes Village Association, on Thursday last week.—*Kentish Times.* (S. Teitelbaum.)

Highlight of a London lingerie show this week: phosphorescent girdles and brassières which glowed in the dark.—*Manchester Evening News.* (G. Blackett.)

Canada's New Province

(By a Correspondent)

A YEAR after joining Canada, Newfoundland's articulate population is disgruntled. St. John's didn't want Confederation, anyway; now, whatever goes wrong, the comment is sure to be: "Oh, well, we're Canadians now." The inarticulate, the outport women who now order their children's shoes and their own cheap dresses by mail from Toronto and get them free of duty, the blind who now have little pensions, the old people, who get $40 a month instead of $12 a quarter, "never had it so good." Merchants and small industries have suffered from Canadian competition; the fishing folk have profited from the family allowances that have brought food and hope to the thin and wretched children, the federal health grants that may help the tuberculous who are three times as many in proportion as in Ontario. Canada is contributing 75 per cent. to a $3,000,000 slum clearance plan for St. John's. Unemployment insurance goes to the 19,000 men out of work, who would otherwise go back to the villages to starve. Canada has put more than $26,000,000 into Newfoundland this first year, but a lot of it has come back, in the $40,000,000 worth of goods which it has exported to the new province.

Newfoundland is a mercantile community catapulted into the industrial age by the exigencies of war. Even after the American bases brought a temporary boom to St. John's, the fishing industry was run on credit, and it still is. The Water Street wholesalers give credit to one merchant in each isolated settlement on the coast, and he finances the fishermen. The lack of communication except by sea, the very nature of this principal occupation have preserved in amber this eighteenth-century social organization. Lord Ammon, in his 1943 report, commented on the complete lack of interest among the St. John's merchant princes in the unhappy sources of their income. After the season, accounts are reckoned up; only an order of the Commission Government made cash payments available to the fishermen. Wages paid in the paper-pulp mills and the small beginnings of frozen fish depots have helped, along with work on the bases, to make the transition to a cash economy.

Mr. Joseph Smallwood directed the complicated political manœuvres which led to Confederation. Immediately after its accomplishment he became, by a rapid though not wholly unexpected metamorphosis, leader of the Liberal Party and Premier of Newfoundland. He is turning his great energy to developing the province. Besides Federal aid, he wants a social security tax of 3 per cent. on retail sales to provide insurance for fishermen at sea, and health education. Fishermen have seldom paid a direct tax, but a heavy indirect one through the tariff on the white flour, tea and molasses that made up their diet. Mr. Smallwood has persuaded the Nelson Rockefeller International Basic Economy Corporation, hitherto operating in South America, to survey the island for industrial projects. Nothing very promising is now visible, for the forests can hardly supply more mills than are now operating, and Britain's cancellation of her 1950 newsprint contract has hit them hard. The dollar shortage also affects the Bell Island mines, where half the 2,000 men there are idle. Over half of the iron ore has been going to Dosco's furnaces in Sydney, the rest to England. Its high phosphorus and silica content unfit it for American furnaces. Plans for tourist trade are hopefully discussed, but the bleak climate, cold and rainy even in August, and the lack of historical interest, limit that prospect. Canada has promised a car ferry from Sydney to Port-aux-Basques. The Commission Government did a good deal for co-operative subsistence farming.

But everything comes back to codfish, or to the exploitation of other products of the sea. The present marketing system is to go on for another four years, but the Canadian Fisheries Board has been bargaining with Spain and Portugal, on Newfoundland's behalf. The sterling area used to take more than half the season's catch, and pay in sterling, marking off part as payment on Newfoundland's debt. To be anywhere near self-supporting Newfoundland must sell codfish, dried or frozen, and Canada must get dollars for the catch.

The Newfoundland railway was deposited in the reluctant lap of the Canadian National Railways, which trembles at the possible cost of putting it in running order; it looks as if it had a deficit of around $4,000,000 a year. Meanwhile, Newfoundland Members in the Dominion Parliament shriek that they are being discriminated against in freight rates, as compared with the Maritimes.

Premier Smallwood wants to unite his province with the three Maritimes, thus making one sizable unit out of four thinly populated weak provinces. Against his proposal he has long-standing jealous rivalries and the entrenched bureaucracy of all four, who see their jobs endangered by such a merger. He will also be opposed by the Catholic Church, because in New Brunswick a Catholic majority which would give control is imminent, while in a union French Canadians would be overwhelmed by the Anglo-Protestant bulk. The opposition to Confederation was led by Catholics in Newfoundland, while some of its proponents were Orangemen.

Some 90 per cent. of the island's people are evenly divided among Catholic, Anglican and United Church of Canada, while the rest are mostly Salvation Army and Adventists. Each of these five has the right to set up its own schools, and receive Government grants for them—a situation which is a stumbling block in the way of good and economical education. Two-thirds of the 1,200 schools are one-roomers, and 300 of them are in towns where there are two or more denominations. In the new paper towns, where the authorities start from scratch, graded public schools for all work very well. The present system is inherited from the days when most schools were built by missionaries, and the churches still help support many of them. Though the Federal Government may not intervene in education, the fact that family allowances are paid for school-age children only if they are in school is making it more profitable to keep a boy at home than on a schooner, and will eventually lead to a stronger demand for technical education. Meanwhile, emigration to Canada is easier than ever, and the bright boys and girls who leave for an education are apt not to come back.

The question of the American bases is now plaguing Canada. They were handed over freely and for no consideration whatever at the time other bases were swapped for the fifty destroyers. They consist of three large tracts, one on the South shore of St. John's harbour, one enormous naval, air and army establishment at Argentia to the South, and the Stephenville airfield on the West coast. Canada itself obtained rights to build Gander, and Goose Bay in Labrador, both of which are now civil airports over which she has complete control, and which she has been able to use as bargaining counters in dickering with American airlines. Over the years, the American bases have considerably irritated Newfoundland people, though perhaps less than might have been expected. Now Canada is conducting talks through the Joint Defence Board, asking that the judicial, taxation and Customs rights granted the Americans, and the civil rights of Canadians living on and near the bases be brought into line with Canadian sovereignty as recognized in other parts of the country where U.S. troops are stationed. Meanwhile protests have brought about some local assuagement.

Newfoundland, the old colony, has found it hard to transfer its allegiance to Canada, which has always appeared as a rival. Nevertheless the change was inevitable, and desirable. The community of 325,000 people might have maintained its poverty-stricken independence a few years longer, if it were not so important a part of America's defence preparations, so obviously a charge on Canada in the event of war. Newfoundland will continue to depend on its exports for support, but it will also depend on help from the Federal centre, and its future will be conditioned by its position in North America, as a factor in U.S. strategy.

Our Water

ENGLAND has learned to take its "pure and wholesome" water for granted; but our emphasis has shifted from the quenching of thirst to the pursuit of cleanliness. Increasingly we wash ourselves, our animals, our clothes, drains, motor-cars and trains. Formerly these luxuries were discouraged by charging for water by the gallon. (London undertakings used to add a charge for a bath or a water-closet.) Nowadays household water is generally included in a local water-rate, with an extra charge for a garage-tap or garden hose. Water has become a cheap luxury; it is said that the average London household pays about a penny a day for it.

As for purity, though civil engineering tries to keep industrial drainage out of surface waters, factories are still allowed to empty into rivers effluents which make them stink and kill the fish. Glasgow's patron saint, St. Mungo, earned a fame rare in the Ages of Faith by his extraordinary habit of bathing daily in the Kelvin Burn. Neither saint nor child can bathe in the Kelvin to-day; it runs white and foul through the heart of the city it disgraces. But where financial advantage is on the side of clean water, money talks. For instance, nobody living at Abinger Hammer may have drains, or a "soakaway" for their cess-pit, because the cress-beds of the valley stream must be safeguarded. Similarly, the fishing of the Wiltshire chalk-streams is immensely valuable; so if a citizen of Salisbury drops a cigarette carton into the pellucid rivers which flow through the streets, and where the small trout may be seen waving in the current, he will certainly be lynched by the City Council. Against these examples, one must place constant reports of villages where illness is traced to wells into which drains the overflow of neighbouring privies. Indeed the purity of water is only secured where the catchment is properly controlled by a water-undertaking. And here the financial problem becomes important.

The early undertakings were good paying propositions: they multiplied exceedingly throughout the nineteenth century, that age of "mains and drains." It is notable that the social problem of drainage preoccupied the Victorians greatly; one of Charlotte Yonge's novels, *The Three Brides*, turns on the building of drainage for a little country town. To-day Britain is a network of pipes, many of which, laid by competing undertakers, may actually cross each other under the streets. But the limit of profitable water-supply has about been reached. Who is to supply water to the villages on the Chiltern chalk, where the wells run dry every average summer, so that water has to be sent up by train? Who is to see that the lowland villages, unable to use the ditch-water, are to have enough to drink when they have exhausted their tanks? What about Keadly in Norfolk, where, according to a 1929 inquiry "the water from a chapel roof is collected and sold to the villagers for 1*d.* a bucket?" The fact is that the perfecting of existing water-systems, and the construction of proper supplies in the remoter and poorer places, will pay nobody. In 1929, over 2,000 English and Welsh villages had no piped water. In 1950, only one in four of the inhabited houses of Holborn, one of the richer boroughs in the world, has a bath.

It is not only private undertakers who are unwilling to supply non-paying water. Some of the big municipal authorities feel just the same. In the course of the 1935 inquiry on rural water-supplies, Lord Saunderson asked Sir Albert Atkey, a subsequent member of the Central Advisory Committee, what his views were. Sir Albert said that the country people did not need nor wish for water; that the City of Nottingham had laid miles of pipes and then the people did not use the water. When Lord Saunderson asked him if in his view there was really no national water problem at all, Sir Albert said that was so. Yet a third of our rural houses have no water-supplies.

There is the case for nationalisation. As in electricity, the profits on the paying water must pay for the deficit on the unprofitable supplies. Then, too, it is essential to purge the business of many ancient rivalries. In some districts, where the water is drawn from the underground water-table, companies have been known to put their enemies out of business by the simple device of sinking a deeper well, and thus drawing off a scarce supply. This has led the Ministry of Health to declare some places, such as the neighbourhood of Sunderland as "controlled areas" where the wells sunk are subject to State regulation. But confusion, waste and overlapping are inevitable in the present state of things. England and Wales have over 2,000 undertakings public and private; Scotland has 212, of which only two little ones are private. The great public authorities run by bodies under town councils tend to swallow up the small. London has 64 water-undertakings. The Metropolitan Water Board, a highly efficient autonomous body, entirely dwarfs the rest, of which 33 are local authorities, 2 joint boards, and 20 private companies. Naturally the Metropolitan wants amalgamation with a central board and four regional boards.

Sir Roger Hetherington, a great authority, said in 1947: "It is the lack of co-ordination that has been the worst feature of public water-supplies in the past." He was speaking of the 1945 Act, whose purpose is to ensure that water should be brought to any area capable of being supplied at reasonable cost. That Act sets up a code of rules to which all undertakings are expected to comply by 1950. It was the latest of a long series of laws dating from 1847, though it was not till after the London cholera epidemic of 1866 that the State really dealt with undertakers supplying infected water. Till now, each undertaking has had its separate legal entity, for some are set up by private Bills and some by orders in Council.

It is high time that this absurd muddle was straightened out. Apart from this, while we cannot do everything to attain a really good supply of water, we can do a good deal. Scotland and the North, where the water is drawn off hard rock, have beautifully soft water; Glasgow water is so pure that it is used out of the tap for the batteries of cars. But London water, full of chalk from the Downs and all manner of sediment, is hard and tasteless. Women of the Southern counties have to smear their faces with creams and oils to counteract the abrasion of the water. The cosmetic industry profits, and so do the soap-boilers, since it takes twice as much soap to wash clothes in hard water. But till there is effective national control, the smaller undertakings cannot be forced to soften their water; and perhaps cannot afford it.

We are singularly fortunate as to quantity. A 1944 White Paper said that Britain had some fifteen times as much water as was then needed. An ample rainfall and favourable geology account for this; yet local shortages occur in every dry summer, especially in the wettest places. Manchester is apt to reach a state where housewives must draw buckets from standpipes in the streets. And I well remember being in Tarbert in the Isle of Harris in 1946 when it had run dry. "Very inconvenient for drinking, and other purposes," as the post-mistress delicately remarked. Yet at least half of the surface of Harris consists of freshwater lochs.

Here is a national problem which admits of a sensible solution even in the present Parliament. Sir Albert Atkey represents a bygone point of view. We must tidy up the results of piecemeal construction of mains and drains. But how to do it? What is needed is, not necessarily State acquisition of every water undertaking, but a system under general national control. This seems a very promising field for combining the advantages of local and corporative enterprise with State ownership.

FREDA WHITE

Cousins All

THE British farmer is a singularly variable form of Economic Man. He may farm over 1,000 or under 10 acres, he may be a tenant or an owner-occupier or something of both, he may or may not use hired labour, he may derive his income from any one or more of a score of different commodities. Further, he is scattered over the face of a land peculiarly varied in geology and climate. Nevertheless, however much farmers may differ in wealth, acreage, district and industrial character, they all have one thing in common—the same master, the enduring, exacting farm. Their lives are dominated, their habits formed, by the same sort of demands and the same sort of needs. There is professional truth as well as a social jest in the old saying that "all farmers are cousins."

We are accustomed to think of the farm in terms of fields and yards, corn, grass and cattle, mud and manure. Physically, the picture is true; economically, it is both incomplete and misleading. In reality, the farm is a complex industrial unit composed of many different interlocking and interdependent workshops and stores which contain a varied assortment of plant and equipment. The bull in the run, the calf in the box, the cow in the byre, the manure heaped in the fields, the growing crops, the tractor with its different implements, the meal in the barn and the straw in the yards—

all are part of a planned and purposeful system of production. Further, the farm buys and processes: it converts, for instance, purchased feeding stuffs into milk and purchased fertilisers into corn. In short, the farm is a business as well as a factory and its management, therefore, demands commercial as well as technical abilities. And the stakes are high, higher than most townspeople imagine, for there is heavy capitalisation behind the farmer.

To take typical figures, a tenant may have £20 invested per acre, an owner-occupier three times that amount. So the big farmer is a very wealthy man and his smaller colleague, to the casual urban eye little different from a labourer, may be both owner and manager of a considerable business. Yet the normal farming unit is small: there is little place on it for specialisation, and the distinction between the policy-maker, the executive, the technician and the artisan is one of time rather than person; they all wear the same pair of trousers. Thus the average farmer is at once his own technical and business manager, his own foreman, one of his own labourers and his own clerk into the bargain. In many cases he is his own owner as well, so is additionally concerned with the maintenance and improvement of the capital equipment of his farm. The responsibilities of the farmer, therefore, are both heavy and varied and he bears them alone. The coming of marketing and advisory services may have lessened his load, but the final decisions still rest with him.

All this leaves its mark, and against this professional background we can understand the traditional independence of the farmer. For, probably more than any other general class of man in the kingdom, he is accustomed to run his own show in his own way and make up his mind, perhaps on issues affecting half a year's income, "whenever the wind changes." Hence, for instance, his love of haggling; for, apart from the recreational value of market-day as his main outing, there is no office or firm behind him, and if he does not look after himself nobody else will. The simple countryman, in short, is mere legend: the farmer is a shrewd businessman, well aware of his rights and interests, as anyone who has attended a market or rent-audit will know. The classic example occurred in Suffolk, where the Scots cattle-drovers, a race of men not famed for financial inefficiency, used to sell their bullocks at a certain market. And here the simple, open, artless farmers of "Silly Suffolk" so fleeced these unfortunate Scotsmen that they were compelled to withdraw to a less commercially-minded area. This, it is true, happened in the 1780s, but the tradition is at least as old as the *Paston Letters* and endures happily to this day.

Further, the farm is as exacting technically as professionally. For its primary tools are organic, living and growing crops and stock which demand constant attention and study. They cannot be left for long, and behind them is the tireless and irresistible power of Nature, which imposes a relentless pressure of routine work on those who tend them. At certain times, cattle must be fed, watered or milked; at certain times land must be ploughed, cultivated or sown; and at certain times crops must be harvested or stored. There is no escape from it, and the farm cares nothing for five-o'clock whistles or holidays; the hours it demands are long, and much of the work is both trying and heavy. And then there are the various emergencies, changes of plan to meet changes of weather, mechanical breakdowns, phone calls to the vet, calving cases at repellent hours, and, of course, correspondence and accounts in odd hours and at week-ends. Thus is the farmer tied beyond the comprehension of the average townsman; he is tied in both time and space.

Here, surely, is one of the keys to the alleged conservatism of the farmer—a dangerous half-truth. Preoccupation with routine work is one of the industrial diseases of the farmer; there is so little surplus time or energy for analysing or replanning; it is so very much easier to follow the old paths, to do the job as it always has been done. Routine produces habit; and habit, like so many other things, is a good servant but a bad master. Yet more than psychology is involved. For one thing, the farmer is the least mobile of managers, and he therefore lacks that professional spur which comes from constant comparison of his own methods with those of other men in other districts.

But far more important is the bitter economic background. For a lifetime before 1939 British agriculture was a depressed industry, and the prevailing mood was defensive: "It doesn't pay to farm well, the more you spend, the more you lose" was a common saying. This conservatism, therefore, is not wholly an innate and instinctive dislike for things new-fangled; it is also in part an historical by-product, a deliberate and not entirely unreasonable reaction to specified industrial conditions in a specified period.

And there is one aspect of this "conservatism," the traditional contempt of the practical farmer for book-learning, which deserves particular analysis. For the written word is not one of the normal tools of the farmer and he needs pen, ink and paper far less than his urban opposite number, say a substantial shopkeeper. Factual knowledge of the kind which can be obtained from books is, of course, necessary, but most farmers worthy of the name have enough of this. Equally important are the twin abilities of observation and judgment, whether applied to the condition of land, the health and thriftiness of stock or the state of crops. To take a crude example, it is wasteful to grow first-class grass by the use of the modern techniques and seeds-mixtures if you cannot judge, under the particular circumstances of a particular season, the right moment to cut it; for premature or delayed harvesting means loss of feeding-value. Further, you cannot ask books questions, neither can you assume, in a country with such astonishing variations in geology and climate, that methods which have proved so successful in Loamshire are equally applicable in Clayborough or Sandyland.

Thus the common attitude towards agricultural textbooks reflects their limited value to the practical, established farmer. But periodicals are a different matter. They are inevitably more up to date; they devote much of their space to detailed and topical "case-histories" of various types; they answer questions in their advisory and correspondence columns; they contain valuable commercial information. And, incidentally, they require less effort from a tired man who is often reading by a poor or awkward light, for only a minority of our farms are served by electricity. Indeed, the circulation and influence of the agricultural press is very considerable and those who generalise about the professional illiteracy of farmers should attend a discussion-group or lecture and note the number of questions and remarks which begin, "I saw in the *Ploughman and Stockman* recently . . ." or "There was an article the other day in the *Dairy Farmer's Weekly* . . ."

Neither must we take too literally the traditional concept of the Grumbling Farmer, though it is not entirely untrue. Partly, of course, it reflects his dependence on the unpredictable weather, for this important and sometimes decisive factor in production is always out of his control, and in a predominantly mixed farming country it can hardly at any given time benefit all crops and will probably harm some. But there is also a deeper reason. The men who farm to-day are only ten years from the dreary, chronic depression which went back to the limits of living memory and it is only recently that the farmer has had much reason to believe that the community was at all interested in his work, products or way of life. The repeal of the Corn Production Act in 1921, for instance, is to this day an enduring memory among the older generation of farmers. There is still a lingering sense of old injustice, when a skilful worker in an honourable and necessary trade could not rely on a reasonable living in return for his labour.

NIGEL HARVEY

Sittings One Guinea

PORTRAIT photography is a curiously complex occupation. Each of us has special reasons for collecting likenesses of ourselves, our friends and relations. The simplest motive is emotional, and it accounted for the wartime boom in the trade. Mum wants a picture of our Willie in his R.A.F. uniform; Doris wants a portrait to send to her boy-friend in Singapore; and so Willie is sent along to Mr. Peters down the road, whose window is full of self-conscious Willies, flanked by a posse of Herbs and Daisies leering stiffly from the church porch, and Doris drops in at that "five bob" place "up West." Such portraits become part of the furniture, perched on top of the piano alongside Willie on his first birthday and the tinted picture of Doris before she cut off her pigtails. At the other end of the social scale, you find a more expensive variation on the same theme, the society photographer improving nature as meticulously as the most fashionable of glossy painters. Or our motive may be professional—the actor's display portraits and autographed prints for his fans, the candidate's photo on his election address and posters, the author's for the dust-jacket. Or we may simply regard the photograph as a decorative

device, in which case we are most likely to favour the Impressionist school, skilled in fancy lighting, the tilted face and close-ups which would fascinate a skin specialist.

It is these gradations of taste and motive that make life difficult for the newcomer to the trade. From the outset he has to decide at which group he is aiming; for, once he becomes fixed in a certain social or professional setting, he has little chance of shaking loose from it. Very few, in fact, manage to lift themselves much above the humdrum and mechanical task of capturing Willie's glare and the toothpaste smile of Doris. Weddings and birthdays are their bread and butter; even if once they aspired higher, the competition is too fierce, the moneyed market too small, and success too much dependent upon the right contacts or a lucky chance, for them to break away from Willesden or Catford. If the newcomer really cares about photography as a graphic art, he has to take a big risk, specialising from the start, and hoping he can establish a clientèle before his capital runs out.

Take, for example, the case of Ian Carter, who about a year ago opened a small studio in North London. From school he went originally to study commercial art and, thanks to the capacities of one of his teachers, specialised in photography. The war came before he had completed his first year, and for seven years in the army overseas he never touched a camera. After he was demobbed, he went back to a commercial art school. Before long, he was married, and he found a job as an assistant to a portrait photographer in the provinces—a form of apprenticeship through which others have graduated into partnership and their employer's established connection. But photographers like to catch their assistants young and train them up in their own style and trade tricks. A married man in his early thirties, even if he lacks experience, needs and expects a larger salary than a junior: Carter decided to set up on his own account.

A photographer needs expensive equipment. Carter estimates that his cameras, lenses, lights and enlargers alone cost about £500, raised by an overdraft on security. At first he tried working from his flat, trying to build up a connection by recommendations and by advertising, partly through the local press and partly by using a showcase outside a shop in the main street. After a few months, he decided he needed a studio of his own; he rented a shop—though he is far from satisfied with its position on the edge of the shopping centre—and tastefully converted it. He had to pay a fairly large premium for this lease and the cost of conversion, and he has also to meet weekly running expenses for materials, rent, rates and lighting. Put his rent and materials at about £4 10*s*. a week: add another £3 10*s*. for repayment of the overdraft he secured to pay for his equipment and the premium. His real overhead costs at present work out at some £8 per week.

How does Carter cover these costs, and make a profit on which he can support his wife and small baby? The fact is that he finds it difficult. He charges a guinea for a sitting in the studio, two guineas for a visit at home. For this the customer gets 12 shots. Prints are extra, ranging from 12*s*. 6*d*. for a size just larger than postcard to two guineas for one as large as a page from this journal. "Without other help," Carter says, "for I can't afford a printer and retoucher, I can manage to cope with an average of four sittings a week. At Christmas, in a rush and working late into the night, I was doing six or seven. The sitting is the easiest part, for printing to my satisfaction may take nearly a whole day for one enlargement."

A good order will bring in about seven pounds' worth of prints for one sitting. But Carter, like others in semi-luxury trades to-day, finds that money is increasingly tight. As it is, he is in a position where merely one more good sitting a week would make all the difference between a loss and security. The work, moreover, is seasonal. At Christmas, he not only had as much as he could handle; he also sold Christmas cards, which brought in another hundred pounds by dint of wearing out both his wife and himself. Since then, business has been so slack that he has had time to take photographs on his own account which he tries to sell to magazines or to advertisers. But here again, competition is intense and a few established names dominate the field.

Carter specialises in photographing children. He does this as much because he enjoys taking children as because he knows that he has to specialise. But here he runs into prejudices of taste. "I take children at play, and I like to take them in the way that I feel best expresses their personality. But too many parents have preconceived or conventional poses in mind. They'll either be difficult during the session and make the child self-conscious, or else they object afterwards, saying 'No, I don't really like that,' but being unable to explain why they don't like it." Yet he is dependent on the goodwill of his customers for building his connection. He says that when he opened his studio, he thought people would come in of their own accord. "But they don't. You are as dependent upon a name as any painter, or a doctor in private practice. Besides, very few people *notice* photographs. One man came in a few weeks after Christmas and said that, though he had been in to buy Christmas cards, he hadn't realised I was a photographer." In a neighbourhood of middle-class and professional homes, he finds his customers unwilling to experiment. He has prepared special albums in an attempt to interest people in something different from the "Willie-on-the-piano" attitude to portraits, but they haven't been a success. "Those who appreciate a different approach," Carter believes, "are usually those who can't afford to pay for it."

In the next few months, Carter has to decide whether or not he will stay in business. If he fails to build up a connection in one way or another, he will have to close down. He would rather give up photography as a career than end up taking weddings and glary Willies. Yet even if he succeeds in holding on, he knows he has a long hard grind ahead before you will see his name on magazine credits and before his appointment book will be full.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

The Cherry Orchard

AFTER he was sixty-five years old, Mr. Callurd took to reading: formerly he had read the *Daily Mail* and the *Farmer and Stock-Breeder*, but then he began reading books. His taste was catholic, and we used to meet him from time to time in the Canterbury public library, not looking for specific books, but choosing them at random, one week a treatise on windmills, the next a love story. In discussing them he did not discriminate, did not classify books as good or bad, entertaining, informative or educative, but treated them all with equal attention and seriousness, applied to them all his own standards of common sense, and considered the lightest novel, as well as *The Decline of the West*, which he read in a month, as if the author were earnestly engaged in advocating certain beliefs or courses of action.

Mr. Callurd was a good friend of ours, and a man of integrity, so we said he could borrow books from our shelves. His son had taken over the principal work of their orchards, so that the old gentleman had much leisure and used to come for a book fairly often. We never made suggestions but left him to make his own choice, and he enjoyed himself peering at titles, making a dozen feints before finally fixing upon one.

It was inevitable that he should choose *The Cherry Orchard* as soon as he noticed it, although it is a thin and wretched little volume, the title barely legible. He read the title aloud and then took down the book and said, "Anton Tchekov. Would he be a Russian now?" I said yes. "A flighty lot," he said. I thought it an odd adjective. He was turning the pages: "A play," he said, "Well, I'll take this one."

A week later he called while I was turning a heap of sodden dung, and I was glad of the excuse of talking to him, to take a rest. I asked him if he had come for another book. "That's right," he said, "I brought the other back." He took *The Cherry Orchard* from his pocket, with a cover of new brown paper beautifully folded, tucked and sealed, which he puts on any book he borrows as soon as he gets it home; on the cover he had written our name and the date. "I might," he had once explained, "get took."

"What did you think of it?" I asked. "It's like I said," he replied, "a flighty lot. Come right down to it, what was their trouble? Why, them cherry trees was biennial croppers."

I did not immediately understand him and perhaps looked surprised, but he was not unprepared for this discussion.

"Here it is, look," he said, opening the book at a place marked with a cigarette paper, his clever, blunt old hands as deft with the pages as with a pruning knife. He held the book so that I could see it, but read aloud carefully:

> *Lopahin*: The only thing remarkable about the orchard is that it's a very large one. There's a crop of cherries every alternate year, and then there's nothing to be done with them, nobody buys them.

I admitted that Mr. Callurd was right: the cherry trees were biennial croppers.

"I had," he said, "a plantation of apples, Laxtons, like that. There's no profit in that."

"Well," I said, "Lopahin wanted them to cut down the trees and sell the land off in building lots, and they did. . . ."

"Ah," he said, "that's right. And broke up the family, as you might say. Joe Ellesmere did the same, over at Boddenden, when his father died, and I never liked it and said so. There's no sense in selling land, orchard land. They could've done what I did with them Laxtons."

"What did you do?"

"Took an' top-grafted 'em with Cox's, and three years later I'd a crop that paid for the work. Brought me in hun'erd fifty, two hun'erd every season since, regular's clockwork."

"Alright," I said, "suppose they'd done that, then what?" He shook the book at me, for emphasis, answering, "Money was their trouble, no money, come right down to it. Money would have put them right."

"But," I objected, "Lopahin distinctly says they could not even sell the fruit every *other* season."

"Ah, and I've heard that in my time, too. Fagge was saying only last season how he had two-three hun'erd bushel Ambers rotting on his trees, with the *Stock-Breeder* quoting the market at five shillun a half and it costing him three-and-six to pick them. Why, I says, take an' top-graft 'em to Bradbournes or Roundels, and you'll sell 'em sure enough. Had as much as forty shillun a half for Bradbournes in Brighton market, I have, when they was twenty in London. It's quality, and knowing the markets. Grow good cherries and you'll sell 'em, I said. Nobody bar starlings wants them old Ambers."

While Mr. Callurd was talking he had his eyes on one of his own orchards. The trees, planted by his father in the year of Mr. Callurd's birth, were thus the same age as himself, dark, straight cylinders nearly as thick as his own stout body, surmounted by great domes of creamy flowers, beautiful beyond description against the blue-black mass of a storm-cloud clambering up the remote, pale, April sky. "We'll have a drop of rain," he said, thoughtfully, and, "mind you, when it come to cutting down them trees and the lady asks them to wait till she's left, some might think it fanciful, but I understand that. There's something. . . ." He interrupted himself with a helpless little gesture towards his orchard. The almond perfume of the flowers came to us across the intervening pasture. The first rain fell in large drops, and the trees bowed and swirled in a sudden squall of wind.

"We can do with it," Mr. Callurd said. We went into the house and he took the brown-paper cover off *The Cherry Orchard* and put the cover in his pocket and the book on the shelf. As I said, we don't usually suggest books to him, but I broke the rule to offer him *The Shropshire Lad*, there being at least a dozen lines in it I thought he would like. He opened it, and seeing the form of type upon the page, pulled a face, "Poetry," he said, "now that's a thing I can't read."

EDWARD HYAMS

So They Say . . .

WHEN M. Schuman announced his Plan on May 9, it was a front-page sensation. Since then, the popular papers have, with one notable exception, cooled off considerably; but on May 10 it made all headlines.

News Chronicle: FRANCE MAKES HISTORIC OFFER TO EUROPE—ADENAUER GREETS "THIS PEACE PLAN."

Daily Mail: FRENCH PUT IN OFFER TO GERMANS—COAL, STEEL POOL.

Daily Express: OUR ARMS FOR FRANCE?—HUGE COAL MERGER PLANNED—STEEL AS WELL.

Daily Herald: VAST STEEL LINK PLANNED.

Daily Mirror: FRANCE'S DRAMATIC OFFER TO GERMANY: A STEEL POOL.

Daily Graphic: COAL, STEEL POOL SHOCK FOR BRITAIN.

Daily Worker: STEEL SURRENDER BY FRANCE—YIELDS TO GERMANY ON U.S. ORDERS.

Next day the *Chronicle* again led its front page with ACHESON WELCOMES THE SCHUMAN PLAN, and added an editorial ("We cannot afford to stand by and watch it wither").

The other papers reported Mr. Acheson's approval with brevity and unostentation. The *Mail* added a short item headed BEVIN: LUKE-WARM, and an editorial saying that, "We believe this is a great idea which could be made into a real pact of steel." The *Daily Herald*, as well as quoting Smuts and Count Sforza, cautiously committed itself to the view that M. Schuman's aims were "wholly admirable." But the *Daily Express* came out with a strong attack, warning that it would end in Britain being drawn into a fate worse than death—membership of a United Europe.

The next important development was Mr. Attlee's statement to the House, reported on May 12. *News Chronicle:* ATTLEE WELCOMES FRENCH "INITIATIVE," AGREES TO DEBATE PLAN. The only paper to ignore Mr. Attlee was the *Daily Express*, while the *Daily Worker* began its story: "Sharp American pressure on the British Government brought a belated and begrudging 'welcome' from Mr. Attlee. . . ."

On May 17 came British Labour's first official reaction, which the *Chronicle* again made its front page lead: LABOUR CALLS EUROPEAN TALKS ON STEEL MERGER—CHURCHILL SAYS "ACT ON IT AT ONCE." (The second headline referred to a statement from the United Europe Movement, of which Mr. Churchill is chairman.) These stories were both omitted by the *Daily Express* (which led with MINERS' M.P. IN REVOLT), and also by the *Daily Worker*. The *Daily Herald* had 6 inches headed LABOUR CALLS STEEL TALKS, and no Churchill. The *Mail* had 3 inches, and no Churchill. The *Daily Graphic* had Churchill, but nothing about the conference.

On May 19 President Truman gave the plan his blessing, but failed to make even a paragraph in the *Express*, *Herald*, *Graphic*, *Mirror* or *Daily Worker*. Last week-end, finally, Mr. Churchill made his first personal reference to it, in a speech mainly devoted to the Liberals. He gave it a "cordial welcome," but advised full study. The *Express* left out the sentence containing "cordial welcome," while the *Mirror* headed it WATCH THIS PLAN FOR MERGER, WARNS CHURCHILL. (*Daily Telegraph:* MR. CHURCHILL—FRENCH STEEL PLAN PRAISED.) The *Herald* and *Graphic*, passed Mr. Churchill over.

Up to the beginning of this week, the *Daily Graphic*, which last Friday urged the "Man in the Street" to "think of [foreign affairs] next time you feel like . . . skipping the news columns which deal with this vital question," had managed to retain its record of being the only national newspaper to have avoided editorial mention of the Schuman plan.

AUTOLYCUS

The Arts and Entertainment

EXILES

OF the three plays which James Joyce wrote only *Exiles* survives. The first was apparently in verse and only a first draft was finished. The second, a five-act play, completed and entitled *A Brilliant Career*, was seen and criticised by William Archer, who said of it: "You seem to have talent, possibly more than talent, yet I cannot say your play is a success . . . I have been trying to read some elaborate symbolism into the third and fourth acts to account for its gigantic breadth of treatment." *Exiles* was written in 1914 when Joyce was thirty-two just after *Portrait of an Artist* and just before *Ulysses*. Though this was his only successful play, Joyce's interest in and love for the theatre was, as is true of most great writers of fiction, life-long. As a young man he was passionately excited by Ibsen and was said to have begun learning Norwegian in order to read the as yet untranslated works of the Master. In late life, when he was a dedicated man whose life was wholly devoted to the composition of *Finnegan's Wake*, he was said to have only one recreation from his task and that was the theatre. He had acted himself in Ireland, and in Zurich in 1918 helped to found a group, The English Players, to present plays in English. Such, very truncated, is the background to his one theatrical achievement, *Exiles*, a play of great fascination and interest even if it cannot rate the "perfect" which an American critic, Mr. Roland von Weber, gives to it in an essay in the 1949 James Joyce Year Book (published by the Transition Press, Paris) from which I take these facts. But undoubtedly if we had such a thing as a national classical repertoire—as perhaps we shall have when we have a National Theatre—*Exiles* will take its place in it.

Richard Rowan, the protagonist of *Exiles*, is a writer, one, evidently, who has made a considerable name. For the past nine years he has been living in Italy with a girl Bertha, by whom he has had a son. They are not married, and their not being married is a deliberate trailing by Richard of the "freedom" which is one of the values by which he lives. He has now returned to Ireland and there is a possibility of his being given a professorship in the University. His friend and disciple Robert, a journalist, has been, so *he* claims, fighting for Richard in his absence, and is fighting for him still. Robert has a girl cousin Beatrice with whom he has been having an affair (now over) and with whom Richard has an intellectual liaison. She is able to understand what he is getting at in his work where his mistress, Bertha, is a simple sensuous uneducated girl whom he has taken up and "made." To Beatrice, on the other hand, he has been writing continuously during the nine years of exile, and this rapport between them has been a source of jealousy to his Bertha.

All these relationships are, with their peculiar complexities and intensities, ravelled out, Ibsen-wise, in the first half of the first act. It is dramatically a fault, I think, that Joyce holds back from the audience until later on, not only quite

legitimate expressions of subtleties of character and behaviour, but also the, so to speak, public view of them which is necessary for us to grasp at the outset. Thus, certain characteristics of Richard Rowan should be clear to us from the very beginning, that he is sufficiently an important person to have leading articles written about him in the local press (which we only learn in the third act), or that he is thought of by the people he comes in contact with as tremendously "strong." These things are not, as they should be, marked decisively on the character from the outset, so that it depends entirely upon the casting to establish this for us (in its long history of non-production, the difficulty of casting has always been prominent). Mr. David Markham, who played the part in Mr. Esmé Percy's production at the Q Theatre last week, did not succeed in suggesting this; though he did as the play moved on suggest very sensitively other aspects of his character. But some of the perplexities of the motivation in the play come from our having to add bits to our understanding of the character in *the wrong order*. In this kind of play (in which subtleties of psychological observation accumulate all the way through), the public man must be shown very clearly at the beginning in his outlines, outlines which we shall fill in and modify as we go along.

This first act contains a very arresting surprise of this character-revealing kind. While Richard is out his mistress Bertha and his friend Robert have a scene from which we discover that they are embarking on an affair, and when Richard interrupts it, almost under his very nose Robert passes to her a slip of paper with the address for an assignation with him that night. Then comes the twist that moves the whole play off the comparatively conventional (though very interesting) level it has been on; moves it on to quite a different plane. Robert goes out leaving Richard and his mistress together and, alone, they reveal, quite casually, that Richard knows all about this affair with Robert because she, Bertha, tells him every detail as it comes along. It is part of his conception of absolute freedom. She is free to do what she likes, but only not secretly, not behind his back. This ideal of freedom is one that she is much too simple to live up to. She begs to be ordered by him. He insists on leaving her the freedom of her choice. And the curtain falls on the uncertainty that this creates.

From then on the complexities of the relationships between these three characters are exhibited with a subtlety too detailed to be set out in full here; but I may indicate the nature of them by quoting a piece of dialogue from the first act which foreshadows the interplay between the two men. Robert is protesting his allegiance—it is just before we have had the revelation that Richard knows of friend's attempts on his virtue:

> ROBERT: I fought for you all the time you were away. I fought to bring you back. I fought to keep your place for you here. I will fight for you still because I have faith in you, the faith of a disciple for his master. I cannot say more than that. It may seem strange to you. . . . Give me a match.
>
> RICHARD (*lighting and offering him the match*). There is a faith still stronger than the faith of a disciple in his master.
>
> ROBERT: And that is?
>
> RICHARD: The faith of a master in the disciple who will betray him.

This last is one of those lines which properly planted (as it is here) and rightly pointed in the production (as again it was here) sounds a note the overtones of which vibrate throughout the play. Behind all the complicated emotional transactions between these men the idea of betrayal will after this linger at the back of our minds, the fear of betrayal, the need for betrayal, the desire to betray and the wish to be betrayed, all planted by this short exchange. So, too, there is a reverse way in which overtones sound in the best dramatic writing: the whole weight of the action and situation will settle on some phrase—quite a simple one it may be—and swell it out with the significance of all that has gone *before*, and the echo carries back along the line of the play, and brings all that has happened crowding into the particular sentence.

In the last act of *Exiles* there are many such: Bertha's "I am very proud of myself, if you want to know," Robert's exit line as he leads off Richard and Bertha's son with a promise to tell him a story: "A fairy story? Why not? I am your fairy god-father." And Richard's own closing lines to Bertha "I have wounded my soul for you . . . And now I am tired for a while, Bertha —my wound has tired me." It is a further fault, perhaps, dramatically, that there are almost too many of these—just as the symbolism is too thick. The material is really a novelist's: and only the rigid application of the Ibsen formula has compressed it into three acts. And the penalty is that the texture is, ideally speaking, too dense. But what a pleasurable change to have too much to pick up instead of too little and to feel from the start that every expression, every phrase, has been economically picked, not only for its immediate impact but for its long-term effect.

There remains space only to thank Mr. Jack de Leon for allowing us to see the play at his Q Theatre, to congratulate Mr. Esmé Percy, the producer, on his handling of the text, and to pay a tribute to the actors—perhaps especially to Mr. John Biron, who besides having the fortune to be perfectly cast brings just the right note of coarse vitality to Robert.

T. C. WORSLEY

OPEN HOUSES

IN the last weeks three important houses and their collections—Kenwood at Highgate, Luton Hoo outside Luton and Ham House at Richmond —have been made available to the public. That the display at Kenwood, the handsome Adam house Lord Iveagh saved from demolition, could be better matters less than that it is on view. Specifically the ornate and brilliant Adam library needs refreshening, the galleries a change of furniture (why all those basketwork chairs?), while several of the pictures require a clean. Fortunately, five of the best have recently received magnificent attention—no ruthless scouring—from Mr. Horace Buttery. Now the thickly painted Rembrandt sparkles for all its sombre colour. What a revelation these late pictures are, when their heavily indented brush-strokes are freed of the dirt which so often chokes them. Vermeer's *Guitarist* is another triumph for this restorer. Here the crystalline space which surrounds the sitter, in her beautiful lemon-yellow jacket, has been cleared of fog so that the cool pale grey background throws her up with astonishing clarity. Likewise Cuyp's *View on the River Maas*, mostly an expanse of sky, cold and grey on the left, warm and pink on the right, has recovered its mother-of-pearl freshness. Among the English pictures, a typical Morland and Gainsborough's virtuoso portrait of *Countess Howe*—her dress of sugar-pink silk an odd contrast with the stormy landscape—gleam anew under fresh varnish. The greater part of this collection is given over to the English School—Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney at their best and worst. On the one hand we have the splendid portrait Reynolds painted of Lady Bolingbroke—grandiose, dramatic and free of sentiment. Beside it *Venus Chiding Cupid, Hebe* or *The Laughing Girl* show to what depths of triviality and coyness the master could fall. Even the Gainsboroughs are uneven, though the portrait of George IV as a young man is so light and brilliant as to anticipate Renoir. The Romneys—his slipshod daubs of Lady Hamilton attitudinising in particular—are horrid for their paint as much as for their sentiment.

Lord Iveagh left Kenwood to the nation as an example "of the artistic home of a gentleman of the eighteenth century." Luton Hoo, on the other hand, which Sir Harold Wernher has turned into a museum, houses a collection on the American millionaire scale of fifty years ago. Unfortunately, Sir Julius Wernher, who formed it, had not the eye nor the selectivity of a Frick or a Widener. He was more interested in amassing a vast quantity of pictures and works of art—silver, bronzes, tapestries, porcelain, ivories, metalwork, jewellery—of all countries and periods, with his eye rather on their splendour and variety than their quality. All this Sir Julius conglomerated in the once Adam House which he refurbished like any Ritz Hotel. The result is a living monument to the richness and, I am afraid, to the dullness of Edwardian taste. What, for instance, could be more vulgar than the Dining Room, ablaze with silver-gilt, its multi-coloured marble walls gaudily hung with an indifferent series of tapestries, or the unhappily proportioned Blue Hall, its *vitrines* full of Fabergé animals? Yet here and there are some very remarkable things. Finest of all is the *Saint Michael* by Bartolomé Bermejo, an interesting painter, active in Spain during the late fifteenth century. In this, one of his best works, Bermejo has drawn on Flemish mannerisms, possibly even Italian ones, and yet produced an indigenous work of art that remains essentially Spanish. Next to it is Altdorfer's *Christ Taking Leave of His Mother Before the Passion*, poignant without being harrowing. Here the sophistication of its highly mannered figures contrasts strangely with the ingenuous painting of the miniscule donor and his family. Two excellent sketches by Rubens are as good as anything in the Picture Gallery. Elsewhere are various collections of *objets d'art*, of which only the ivories are consistently fine, especially the Byzantine triptych of the Virgin and Child with Angels and Saints, two leaves from a Carolingian book cover and a series of French fourteenth-century carvings. Unhappily, some of these have been over cleaned; they are not the only objects at Luton Hoo to have suffered in this way. Upstairs, lovers of English porcelain will enjoy the very large collection brought together by the late Lady Ludlow.

Ham House, unlike either Kenwood or Luton Hoo, is throughout an authentic period piece. This remarkable seventeenth-century house, in the custody of the Victoria and Albert Museum, remained in the Tollemache family for some three hundred years. The ambitious Duchess of Lauderdale, wife of Charles II's detested Secretary for Scotland, nearly ruined her family by entirely redecorating Ham between 1673 and 1675. Parsimony and poverty have since protected it from restoration and "improvements." As an historical document, few English houses of its size—Ham is not a *very* big house—are more interesting. As an ensemble, on the other hand, it is not aesthetically very exciting. Outstanding features are the excellent plaster ceilings, some good English tapestries and an ornamental set of chairs elaborately carved with dolphins in the Venetian manner. The pictures include an early Lely, better than most, and a number of fine miniatures, notably the Hilliard portrait of Queen Elizabeth and Isaac Oliver's *Young Man Against a Background of Flames* (the symbolic fires of passion). But for the most part they are a third-class lot. The interior decorations and the furniture (some of which has been lent by the V. & A.) reflect the taste and craftsmanship of the epoch at its slightly less than best. Amateurs of taste will enjoy this house; its beautiful situation by the river alone makes it worth a visit.

JOHN RICHARDSON

RADIO NOTES

LISTENING to the programme *The Greatest Detective Story in the World*, I seemed also to overhear the following conversation:

"How about a feature on the I.T.S.?"

"What's that in aid of?"

"International Tracing Service. They trace the millions of missing men, women and children of post-war Europe. They're still receiving 4,000 enquiries a month; mothers looking for children, and so on."

"What's the listener-interest?"

"There are some smashing stories. Listen to this. They dug up a Jewish burial ground. The corpses couldn't be identified—till someone told them to look in their mouths. In each one there was a tiny capsule containing the dead man's name. Talk about Edgar Allan Poe!"

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"You might call it that."

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"That might be over-doing it a bit, old man. What we really want is somebody to represent the man-in-the-street as well."

(*Both together*) "I know: a housewife: to ask damn silly questions . . . ."

And have them we did: a wooden Holmes and a stupid woman to ask silly questions, transported, I quote, "on radio's magic carpet" to I.T.S. headquarters at Arolsen. Now the work of the International Tracing Service is one of the most remarkable achievements of our time, one that the B.B.C. certainly has a moral duty to tell us about. Not that *The Greatest Detective Story in History* exactly scooped the world: Miss Macardle's *Children in Europe* was published last January, and the film *The Search* was shown in London almost a year ago. But a remarkable story it remains; even the script-writer's misplaced ingenuity could not disguise that. Yet to anyone who knew the story beforehand, Mr. Burgess's script must have seemed a memorable example of how not to do it. There are some subjects which, because of the tale of human suffering which they contain, demand the simplest, starkest method of narration possible. Only the plainest documentary treatment will suffice. To attempt anything more, to brighten with feature-writers' tricks, is only to vulgarise human misery; and I am afraid *The Greatest Detective Story in History* was a consummate instance of this.

Mr. Tiller's *The Baronet and the Butterfly* and Mr. Robert Kemp's *J. M. Barrie*, in the *New Judgment* series, on the other hand, were excellent examples of the radio feature-writer's craft. Mr. Tiller's programme was a very entertaining reconstruction of the Whistler—Sir William Eden case, based on Whistler's own papers. Mr. Kemp's was an ingenious defence of Barrie. The analysis of how Barrie came to be the man he was seemed to me first-rate; the estimate of his work I found less convincing, because Mr. Kemp claimed too much; but then I do not find anywhere in Barrie an expression of "the veritable *lacrimae rerum*." What there is, of course, is the most astonishing craftmanship, craftsmanship amounting to genius, which seduces the feelings even while the intellect is left cold and critical. Something like this I found in the recent production of M. Anouilh's *Eurydice*. It was a delight to listen to, one was always engrossed by the author's invention and the sheer skill with which he maintained his action. And yet—wasn't the poetry a little flimsy, even a little cheap? Wasn't the conclusion we were expected to take away from the play the blackest pessimism veiled by a mist of sentimentality? But Mr. Raymond Raikes's production was very good indeed; and so was the acting.

WILLIAM SALTER

CHRISTIAN BÉRARD

CHRISTIAN BÉRARD, so modest and sensitive about his serious painting, would hide his latest canvases even from the friends who were the greatest admirers of his work. Only once in his lifetime, when he was in his twenties, did he send his pictures to an exhibition in Paris. His work was praised by connoisseurs and eagerly sought by collectors, but the public knew him as a prolific and versatile genius working in the more frivolous realms of ballet, theatre and fashion.

The current exhibition of his work, arranged by the Arts Council, is the first to be held in this country, and will come as a revelation to those who know Bérard only as the greatest influence in the world of design since Bakst. The organisers of this magnificent show have concentrated less on the various aspects of his gay and better known work than on the austere and anguished canvases which Bérard considered to be the vital core of his existence.

Bérard's paintings do not belong to any particular school. Sometimes his admiration of Piero della Francesca, Le Nain or Degas is apparent, and both surrealism and neo-Romanticism have influenced him, but his sense of colour and the atmosphere of mystery he creates is very much his own. The Circus figures, the boys in rags, the cripples, the deaf and dumb girl holding a fan, the romantic looking delinquents and the other inhabitants of his Universe of the poor, are all imbued by him with an air of mystery. His colour sense is strong and, however audacious, exquisitely refined. His taste is always impeccable. It is this innate sense of the most highly civilised French taste which strikes one most as one sees these pictures hanging in the somewhat clinical bleakness of the New Burlington Galleries.

Some of Bérard's most impressive portraits have not found their way across the Channel and one regrets, particularly, the absence of those of Pierre Colle, Jean de Polignac and Emillio Terry, but nearly twenty remarkable pictures assert Bérard's right to be considered among the most distinguished painters of his time. The compositions of figures seen against a landscape are among the most strange and haunting canvases Bérard painted. "The Beach" (No. 14) is a double self-portrait against mountains of a miraculous blue, the "Boys at Foucq" (No. 16), completed just before the end of the war, with the two figures painted in warm tones of grey, reflects the grave serenity of his mood, while the green landscape has the simplicity and tenderness of a young Corot. Of the early figure sketches "The Woman in Bed" (No. 5) and "The Meeting" (No. 6) convey an apprehension of the unusual expressed in terms of rich colour.

Among the watercolours, the series done from his small bedroom in the Hospital overlooking the Waterloo Road during his last visit to London is the most astonishing. Bérard saw the view over Waterloo Bridge as a mass of minarets, spires, and cupolas in rose, silver and opalescent colours, rising from streets of squat black domestic architecture. His interpretations of the boldly painted windows and water pipes in the dark grey houses of the back streets of Paddington, the rows of small hotels and public houses, south of the river, painted in yellow, cinnamon, black-grey and crimson, the pearly arcades of Covent Garden, the playing grounds unexpectedly created in the middle of bomb-ruins, show that he explored into the heart of his subject.

The importance of Bérard's contribution to the Theatre cannot be exaggerated. He used the stage as a living painting, and his innovations were bold, simple and striking. *Croquis* for stage designs are usually in the nature of diagrams for scene painters, carpenters or costumiers, or are delightfully vague sketches of little assistance to the executors. Bérard's sketches are both atmospheric and technical, and they have realised a prodigious number of unforgettable stage pictures. Among these *La Folle de Chaillot* and *Cotillon* are particularly beautiful, and the costumes for this latter ballet are as striking to-day as when first they created such a violent impact nearly twenty years ago.

The cases showing some of Bérard's book illustrations reveal further examples of his lavish invention. The fact that he also excelled in making designs for materials, advertisements, gala programmes, and had a passionate interest in all the manifestations of Fashion, has resulted in his sometimes being treated patronisingly outside France. But if Bérard had lived in the Renaissance or in the eighteenth century, his university would have received proper recognition.

During the later years of Bérard's life his intimate friends rather sanctimoniously chastised him for devoting too little time to his important painting. Yet it was they who were the first to prevent him from settling down to work peacefully in his studio, by making incessant demands upon him. He must do the décor for every new play or film of consequence, he must make posters

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for the coming recital, sketch the latest fashion opening, or give advice about a new shop. So warm was his heart, so great his generosity and so rich his gifts, that everyone concluded that they had only to ask and he would give and give. By an immediate inspiration or with a few violent strokes of his felicitous pencil, he could inspire a new trend, create a fashion, or save some theatrical venture from failure. But the passionate zest with which he lived and worked taxed him greatly. A little over a year ago, at the age of 46, after the final lighting rehearsal of his latest production at the Théâtre Marigny, he fell dead.

CECIL BEATON

THE MOVIES

"In a Lonely Place," at the Marble Arch Odeon
"The Adventures of Ichabod and Mr. Toad," at the London Pavilion

What Love was to the Elizabethan sonneteer, Murder is to the script-writer with eye in a fine frenzy rolling. How fine a frenzy we may hope to discover from *In a Lonely Place*, which offers as hero such a script-writer, lavish with acts of violence and himself suspected of murder.

Now there are two very good reasons why this approach should make it almost impossible to produce a first-class film. Its theme is too inwound: all very well for Gide and Huxley to indulge in novels about novelists writing their novels, but the method doesn't suit films, and especially films whose chief lure is a hard, open-eyed alacrity. The conventions of the murder film are, in fact, almost as close and rigid as those of the sonnet; break them, and away flies your pigeon. That is the first objection. The second concerns the nature of this script-writer obsessed with violence. His violence takes the most outward form—he snarls, bashes and bruises when the mood is on him, only luck having saved him from murder; and at the same time he is a brilliant writer of film-scripts depicting such violence. Here is an ambidexterity that might amaze the psychologist. Do the two—the imagination and the action compulsion—ever co-exist in the same person? Are the Capones and Landrus masters of the morbid fiction? Does M. Simenon or Mr. Graham Greene entangle himself in such crimes as distinguish his misguided hero? I can't speak of script-writers, never having (to my knowledge) encountered one, but certainly among novelists those who realise their violence on paper are in life the least criminally active of men. I suggest that the hero of *In a Lonely Place*, who one week would write a *Maltese Falcon* or a *Double Indemnity*, and the next have to be restrained from beating a chance motorist to death with a stone, is fiction of the most elementary and improbable kind.

Lacking, therefore, both true psychological depth and the unbroken surface tension that might have resulted from not attempting it, *In a Lonely Place* does quite amazingly well. Mr. Humphrey Bogart gives his best tigerish performance for many a year; he fascinates and repels, he impresses; he, if anyone, can in the way of violence eat his cake and have it too. And he has a new lady opposite (or rather next door), Miss Gloria Graham, with looks and individuality enough not to be crushed by his allure. Much of the credit, however, must go to Nicholas Ray, who has directed camera and actors with thrilling ease. *They Live By Night* was a far more living film, but in technique the present piece could hardly be improved on. It will excite any movie-goer with that orthodox play upon nerves and feelings which is the charm of the thriller.

The new Disney contains two stories linked by some oily sequences about books taken down from shelves. Luckily, on this occasion, "real" persons and objects don't push their way further into the cartoon. Of the two, *Mr. Toad of Toad's Hall* (put first for English audiences) is infinitely the better. Toad himself, a saucer-eyed dandy, appalling the countryside, driving early motor cars hell-for-rubber, and escaping from prison with ball-and-chain stuffed into his trousers, is a quite irresistible creation, and the voice of Mr. Eric Blore exquisitely whoops him along. I liked also Mr. Rat's more sedate sporting looks and plummy reserve: all the animals, in fact, delight us and themselves by being in various shades extravagantly British. Mr. Basil Rathbone is the impeccable but lively narrator. The companion tale, Washington Irving's *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, relapses into chromatic sing-song and badly drawn human caricatures. The vulgarly macabre strain reminds us that a light terror was once Disney's inimitable second string.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The First Victoria," at the Embassy

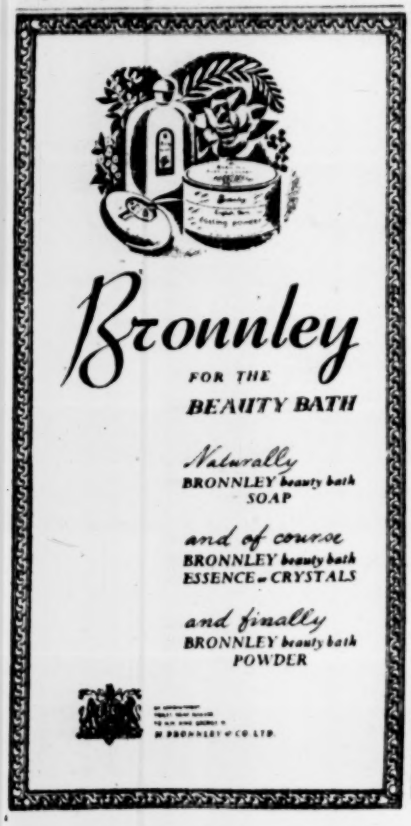
Efforts to increase audience-interest by making situations leap allusively down the centuries are apt to cause, in my simple mind, a sad confusion. The Reunion Theatre Guild, which has begun a season of two-week runs at Swiss Cottage, announces that Boadicea's rising in A.D. 61 has an "intriguing topicality." Since the revolt of the Iceni was in fact caused by Nero's harsh demand for the instant repayment of the "Marshall Aid" loans advanced by Claudius, I suffered through several scenes from the pleasing delusion that I was meant to identify the Imperium Romanum with the U.S. Administration, Catus Decianus, the Procurator, with Mr. Hoffman, and the drunken centurion who raped Princess Vodicea with . . . . but no, that surely could not be. Conviction that I must be mistaken and that early British "resistance" symbolised rather the struggle against totalitarianism, came only when Boadicea, in a farewell speech horribly out of key, reminded us that her name, latinised, was Victoria, and that Britain, under a greater dynasty, might one day "save" Rome—presumably from Signor Togliatti. If I regret these topical intrusions it is because, left to itself, Mr. Hal Stewart's play, though a little flat in its treatment of nationalist emotion, is quite good workmanlike theatre. As Boadicea, Elspeth March is perhaps too urbane and sympathetic to be the "crafty lioness" of whom Gildas wrote, and Richard Caldicot makes Suetonius Paulinus a figure too genial to fit the record by Tacitus that this Governor had to be recalled from Britain owing to his "personal" cruelty. But the atmosphere of the H.Q. of the 9th Legion's 3rd Cohort at Colchester, with Richard Lovell as good-looking, generous-hearted tribune, and operations map on the wall discreetly curtained when visitors entered, recalled agreeably how little armies change.

A. V.

"Background," at the Westminster

Mr. Chetham-Strode specialises in plays of ideas in the lowliest, most journalistic sense of that term. He takes a topical issue and animates it for us. The ideas go no deeper than newspaper headlines and the characters hardly reach even the degree of differentiation where they can be called types. The success of the play depends then, on the issue being sufficiently topical to interest in itself and on the skill with which the author balances the opposing parties to the issue. *Background* states that divorce has a bad, and is in danger of having a disastrous, effect upon the children of the divorcing parents. This is an easily acceptable commonplace, and the play reinforces it only by giving us one or two moving scenes when the children are hurt. Frivolous divorces, we agree, are to be discouraged. But of course what is less certain—and therefore an issue worth discussing—is which does the more damage to children of a really unstable marriage: living in perpetual tension on the slopes of a domestic volcano or living in the ruins of a split. However this is not the play Mr. Chetham-Strode is writing. His parents hardly count as people at all: the effect of their quarrels on the children is never demonstrated. Thus he gives the sanctity of the marriage tie an easy victory. Whether it is a convincing one is less certain. Miss Valerie White and Mr. André Morell impersonate a selfish couple of the professional classes adequately enough. Miss Lilli Kann adds some touches of loud vocal colour. The play provides only one opportunity for acting and this is well taken by a small boy, John Charlesworth.

T. C. W.



Correspondence

MEN AND HERRINGS

SIR,—In your review, last week, of *Men and Herrings*, you referred to a range of prices, per landed basket, from 18s. or more for "freshing," down to the basic 8s. 9d. for the "oil and meal" market. Your readers may be interested to hear more of the crisis in regard to prices which arose since my book was written.

Here on the Clyde the fishermen had organised various minimum price schemes themselves: there was a price for freshing and a price for tinning. The fishermen themselves worked a pool, so that the final price on any day at the landing port was an average for everyone, which worked out, in winter, at anything from 15s. to 18s. a basket. These prices enabled herring to be sold cheap but gave a decent share-out to the fishermen. In the Clyde this winter, a working share, according to the ability of the crew and the luck of the boat, would average something like £7 a week.

Now the thing to remember is that these prices were kept stable by a bottom price for oil and meal of 8s. 9d. a basket. Sometimes very little went for oil and meal; but, if there was a heavy catch, quite a number of baskets did. In the old days, with no oil and meal market, a heavy catch meant a glutted market and bottom prices for everyone, or dumping. But out of this 8s. 9d. there was a subsidy of 5s. It seemed a reasonable subsidy and must have cost the country a lot less than any of the farm subsidies; it gave the fishermen a living wage and produced much-needed herring-oil and meal, which saves imports.

Then came summer and intervention by the Herring Board. Normally herring prices drop to some extent and the share-out with them. But the Herring Board's proposals for a price scheme were altogether too much of a drop. The largest herring, the kind which only go one to a frying pan when they are split, were to be 14s. a basket at Campbeltown.

This doesn't look so bad till you realise that none of the Clyde herring are of the top size. We would have got the second rate of 12s. 9d., and, with a pool, taking in what were sold for tinning and oil and meal, it would have worked out at much less than that—in fact a little more than half what the pool had been in winter. The share-outs would have been scarcely a living wage; and the men had already had two or three weeks off, cleaning the boats. On top of that there was to be a 10 per cent. off for the Board's expenses, though there was to be a share-out at the end of the season of any profits which had been made. The catch was that there was no certainty that there would be any profits.

There was some discussion. An alternative scheme was put forward. At last the fishermen decided not to fall in with any scheme of the Board but to go on working their own. Then the Board hit out. It said that the Treasury were not going to pay the subsidy on the oil and meal price, which would go down to 3s. 9d. a basket. This meant that the bottom was knocked out of the market.

Possibly the Board, which has hitherto done well, by and large, for fishermen and consumers, lost their collective temper with the fishermen. I would be the last to blame it for that. Men have defaulted on their payments on the Board's "grant and loan" boats, not even paying the small interest on the loan; and among them are men who could well afford to be honest. And some of those who got boats were anything but the needy fishermen for whom the scheme was designed. But must all the innocent suffer because a few are guilty? The Herring Board seemed to be letting down the primary producers, for whom a Labour Government should stand. The boats were all tied up.

But the Labour Government acted for the fishermen. Highland Panel M.P.s and others representing fishing constituencies got busy. Scottish civil servants became positively unofficial. Possibly Hector MacNeil used his Uno methods on someone. Word came through to the Clyde last Wednesday afternoon that the subsidy was back, the fishermen's scheme with a minimum freshing price of 17s. 6d. a basket officially recognised. After pooling, it may be a good deal below that, but, with the subsidy still on, not disastrously so. By evening Kilbrannan Sound was alive with the lights of the fishing boats chasing the herring. Now all we want is for the rest of the world to eat them!

Carradale House, Campbeltown. NAOMI MITCHISON

POLITICAL TESTS

SIR,—I would like to support the protest against the refusal of the Directors of the School of Slavonic Studies to renew Mr. Andrew Rothstein's appointment as lecturer.

Mr. Rothstein has an immense knowledge of his subject, perhaps a wider one than any other Englishman. He is extremely conscientious as to fact: according to British academic tradition, his opinions are his own affair. These are fundamentally the same to-day as when he was appointed. Why should he be dismissed for holding opinions (for no other ground is evident) which were known to the Directors when he was appointed?

2 Mytre Court, London, W.C.1. J. G. CROWTHER

SIR,—It is not normally desirable that members of one academic institution should interfere in the affairs of another. But the campaign carried on in your columns against the Council of the School for Slavonic Studies, and in particular the letter from Mr. Christopher Hill in your last issue, makes it imperative that something should be said on behalf of those who genuinely believe in academic freedom and who are seriously concerned with Russian studies from an academic point of view.

Two questions have arisen over the refusal of the School of Slavonic studies to turn Mr. Andrew Rothstein's temporary appointment now terminating into a permanent appointment in a senior grade. One is the question as to whether Mr. Rothstein's scholarship is of such a nature as to justify an appointment of this kind. A decision of this kind is bound to be a subjective one to some extent. But the presumption must always be that an academic appointing body knows its job, and is concerned to get the best men it can so that the prestige of its institution may grow. I see no reason to believe that the Council of the School of Slavonic Studies is not competent to exercise its functions; nor have its critics advanced any reasons for questioning its competence.

At a time when the raising of the standards and scope of Russian studies in this country is an obvious necessity, the School of Slavonic Studies, which must be the key institution for the purpose, is singularly fortunate in possessing as its director so distinguished a scholar as Dr. G. H. Bolsover, who possesses the complete confidence of those concerned with such studies in the country at large. It would be a great pity if his efforts were to be frustrated by ill-informed and partisan criticism from persons with no obvious qualifications to speak on the subject.

The other matter is even more serious. By raising the question of Mr. Rothstein's political views, his "supporters" are in effect saying that they respect academic independence only when non-Communists are involved. Every Communist who gets a temporary post must now, they argue, have his position treated as sacrosanct on pain of a hue and cry from the whole Communist claque. If they succeed we shall soon get to a stage where the most inefficient bottle-washer in a University laboratory will have the right to smash bottles for the rest of his life, provided only that he is a Communist.

It is Mr. Christopher Hill and his friends, not the School of Slavonic Studies who are trying to impose a political test. And perhaps there is no reason to be surprised about that. MAX BELOFF

Oxford.

WAGES POLICY

SIR,—The insistent recurrence of the claim for a maintenance of "differentials," whenever we try to tackle the needs of the low-wage earner, is an indication of the difficulty we all have in adjusting our traditional values to changing conditions. Adam Smith could explain and justify different standards of payment by reference to the cost of education, in time or in money; but we are not living in Adam Smith's world, and the range and force of his argument diminish year by year, and will, in time, exhaust themselves. A good deal of the plea for differentials outside that argument is merely a form of the old "profit motive," and must stand or fall with it.

Of course, I do not suggest that the time has yet come when we can or ought to ignore the claim—but we ought to recognise the limits of its validity. It is part of the individualist past, not of the Socialist future. Once we escape the tyranny of custom we realise that no normal person deliberately prefers to earn a living by drudgery if the opportunity of creative work is offered and the capacity to undertake it is there. Fundamentally, the rate of payment is irrelevant.

As we move towards Socialism we naturally weaken the appeal of individual motives and incentives, and our economic progress will be checked and hampered if we do not concurrently cultivate new or neglected incentives to replace the offspring of greed and fear. Among the old but neglected incentives are the pride in creative work, and the spirit of service—*esprit de corps*, to both of which we are now finding it necessary to appeal. If we have faith we shall not appeal in vain.

The strategist in Herbert Morrison often obscures the idealist from the view of the superficial observer; but there is more sound Socialism in his blunt admonitions and cheery assurances than in many of the utterances of more emotional speakers.

Walton-on-Thames. FRED HUGHES

A NEW APPROACH

SIR,—As one of the signatories to the published letter on J. B. Priestley, I still disagree with his outlook on the peace issue, but readily understand him getting his back up when Ilya Ehrenburg makes a stricken appeal to his conscience. No one likes to be told what he ought to do for humanity, and many other sane men would have reacted as did Mr. Priestley.

Unfortunately, Mr. Priestley's repeated reply—a plague on both your houses—is the sort of attitude that is likely to lead us to self-destruction. If we take Mr. Priestley's remarks literally, we see him withdrawing to the sidelines, there to wait until the ideological perfection of one side morally pacifies the other: a hopeless and unreal prospect.

I doubt if he really means it this way. Even if he does, or even if he simply wants to be neutral or fair or angry towards both sides, then it seems logical to me that he would agree with the British Peace Committee's petition to Parliament which demands: (1) banning the atom bomb; (2) branding its first user as a war-criminal.

These demands are not directed to one side or the other; they are directed equally to both East and West, since both sides must agree on these points or be guilty against the other. Surely this is the first requirement of peace; the starting point of his condemnation of "the unscrupulous struggle for power."

There is no need to appeal in any way to Mr. Priestley's conscience (I would not so impose upon an honourable and courageous man), but knowing something of Mr. Priestley's broad sense of co-operation, and admiring his unfailing sense of humanity, I would like to ask if, as a beginning to peace, he will subscribe to the two demands mentioned above and thus add his name to the petition for peace. JAMES ALDRIDGE

Queen's Gate Terrace, London, S.W.7.

DERELICT FAMILIES

SIR,—In fairness to the unit which has been working in Stepney since 1940, I think it should be known that not all the Pacifist Service Units working among derelict families became Family Service Units, as C. H. Rolph seems to suggest in his article.

The Stepney Unit has carried on under its old name with an independent committee, and in addition to its normal work is now engaged in research into the incidence and causative factors of problem families in that area. ARTHUR T. COLLIS

SCHWEPPIGRAM No. 19

'Twas on the playing fields of Eton
That France, our ancient foe, was beaten;
Now Waterloo on Epsom's course is
Too oft avenged by swift French horses.

schweppervescence lasts the whole drink through

Books in General

FEW anthologies can claim to have provided over so long a period greater enjoyment than the *Oxford Book of English Verse**. For many of us that obese blue volume was our first dazzling introduction to the vast majestic range of English poetry. And yet, now one is middle-aged, few collections seem to have been formed on more mistaken principles. I am not thinking of the latter-day rubbish with which, in the edition that accompanied me through youth, the works of Arnold, Patmore, Rossetti, Meredith, Bridges were profusely interlarded, but of the monstrous injustice done to several earlier poets. Should a poem appear too bulky, or should portions of it fail to accord with nineteenth-century poetic taste, the editor did not hesitate to omit entire passages. Thus Henry King's magnificent *Exequy* was arbitrarily shorn of twenty-four lines; and, whereas three omissions were marked by dots, one four-line passage was silently extracted. Similarly a brief section of John Oldham's extensive and, in bulk, admittedly rather tedious tribute *To The Memory of My Dear Friend Mr. Charles Morwent* was re-entitled *A Quiet Soul* and reprinted as a separate lyric; while Donne's superb *Ecstasy* was submitted to equally vigorous and equally unacknowledged pruning. There was no hint to the youthful lover of poetry that what he read as a complete poem was little more than its introduction, or that the gist of the poet's argument was set forth in three dozen lines judged unsuitable.

The editor of the *Oxford Book* may have been injudicious: certainly he was not capricious. The course he pursued was usually consistent—to exhibit to the contemporary reading-public those aspects of a writer's genius which most closely approximated to nineteenth-century standards, placidly and firmly disregarding the fact that the oddities and metaphysical obscurities of Donne and King and Oldham were as essentially a part of their character as the spontaneous and surprising beauties which immediately appeal to us, and that both must be regarded as manifestations of the same poetic outlook. The modern anthologist, on the other hand, is often more concerned to gratify a private mood than to take into account his public's needs and interests. M. Thierry-Maulnier, for example, in his stimulating survey of French poetic literature, concentrated largely on a group of poets who, during the opening stages of the Renaissance, made Lyons and its neighbourhood a nest of pagan nightingales, and frequently whittled down the achievement of a renowned Romantic to a single line or half-page!

Finally, there are anthologists who (like the reigning Director of the National Gallery) are apparently convinced that a system of ingenious and unexpected juxtaposition may be more revelatory than any attempt to display works of art in their appropriate schools and periods. It is a novel idea: results are sometimes striking, though if you are in a hurry and happen to be on the trail of some particular exhibit, also maddening. But, while Sir Philip Hendy juggles with the great, the organiser of a modern poetic gallery amuses himself by setting side by side the celebrated and the unknown, a famous poem beside a doggerel ballad, lyrics among limericks and the refrains of music-hall songs amid Swinburnian choruses. Wasn't it Mr. Auden who started the fashion? Anyhow, the fashion has caught on; and the editors of *The Forsaken Garden: An Anthology of Poetry: 1824-1909*† are delighted to spatter their pages with proletarian jingles. Verses by Charlotte and Emily Brontë precede James Clarence Mangan's honest, if not very remarkable, discursion on *Siberia*; we arrive at the doleful ditty:

> Oh, tell me in which Gin shop my dear,
> That I shall meet you at Bartlemy Fair,
> Oh, tell me at which Gin shop my dear,
> That I shall meet with thee . . .

followed by a group of nursery-songs and by nine pages of extracts from Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night*.

Some of these doggerel interlopers have a lively picturesqueness, some a searching pathos. But, although one may well prefer *The Faking Boy, Walking in the Zoo, The Broken-Hearted Gardener* or *The Chickaleary Cove*:

> I'm a Chickaleary bloke with my one, two, three,
> Whitechapel was the village I was born in,
> For to get me on the hop, or on my tibby drop,
> You must wake up very early in the morning—

—to numerous versicles printed in early editions of the *Oxford Book*, for instance that horrid effusion entitled *At Her Window*:

> Beating Heart! we come again
> Where my Love reposes:
> This is Mabel's window-pane;
> These are Mabel's roses . . .
> Sing thy song, thou trancèd thrush,
> Pipe thy best, thy clearest;—
> Hush, her lattice moves, O hush—
> *Dearest Mabel!—dearest* . . .

—one must resolutely decline to agree that the "abundant and characteristic popular poetry of the period," from which the editors have drawn them, possesses a "poetic quality . . . a wit and vitality" that we look in vain for elsewhere, or that these were tributaries, however humble, of the main poetic current. The ditties of the Elizabethan streets and cant, of sixteenth-century slums were caught up and transfigured by dramatists and prose writers. But the Victorian writer belonged to a different breed, and between the popular versifier and the educated poet had ceased to exist any genuine bond of sympathy. Doggerel inclusions are apt to annoy us not merely because they betray a slightly foolish brand of fashionable aesthetic snobism, but because in their present surroundings they strike an altogether false note. A forsaken garden is no place for Faking Boy or Chickaleary Cove. Maybe its solitude would have been less forlorn, its atmosphere less sultry, had those who wandered there had a more vivid appreciation of life beyond its crumbling walls—of life, for example, in the classes of society described by Henry Mayhew: had they explored with Baudelaire the fascinating and appalling labyrinth of a huge industrial metropolis. Only Thomson seems to have made the attempt:

> Although lamps burn along the silent streets;
> Even when moonlight silvers empty squares
> The dark holds countless lanes and close retreats;
> But when the night its sphereless mantle wears
> The open spaces yawn with gloom abysmal,
> The sombre mansions loom immense and dismal,
> The lanes are black as subterranean lairs.

But, in spite of an occasional sombre charm—the equivalent in verse of the effect produced on the imagination by Piranesi's *Carceri*—Thomson was a second-rate writer, and *The City of Dreadful Night* remains a disappointing poem. Otherwise, as the editors observe, "the prevailing tone of poetry in the later part of the century is one of withdrawal from life—a withdrawal which is as evident in the dream-world nonsense poetry of Lear and Carroll as in the 'serious' poems of the Pre-Raphaelites. We find it in the Romantic Hellenism of Arnold, and the romantic medievalism of Morris . . ." The case of William Morris is particularly strange, since he combined an intense interest in the problems of his time with a poetic nostalgia for the fabulous and far-away, and strove to build a Socialist Jerusalem (which was to have borne a soothing resemblance to his own idealised view of London during the age of Chaucer), while out of the corner of his eye he continued to gaze back towards the imaginary splendours of a remote Arthurian universe, the walls and towers of Camelot and the enchanted forest of Brocéliande. He dreamed in poetry, but thought in admirable prose. Tennyson, too, forfeited a large measure of his poetic genius, once the shaggy, gloomy, self-centred vagrant had become a prosperous verse-writer with a duty to perform and a firmly rooted conviction of the debt he owed society. The spell of his earlier and more memorable poems is in their harmonious mournfulness; and it is the romantic despondency of Matthew Arnold—the young man who had loved and had abandoned Marguerite, and wavered between flippant dandyism and a sense of guilty self-mistrust—rather than the strenuous efforts he sometimes made to compel the ageing poet to keep in step with the busy hard-pressed School Inspector, that gives the author of *The Scholar Gipsy* and *Calais Beach* his hold upon a modern critic.

Apart from their regrettable excursions into popular verse, the editors of *The Forsaken Garden*, Mr. John Heath-Stubbs and Mr. David Wright, have accomplished their somewhat difficult task with diligence and sensitiveness. The period they chose—opening with the eclipse of Byron in 1824, closing with the final extinction of Swinburne and Meredith in 1909—has again and again been harvested and gleaned, and one had at the outset little hope that they could produce any real discoveries. Nor, indeed, have they any to show; but by choosing as a general rule the lesser-known work of well-established poets—a method that has involved the exclusion of many exquisite

* *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, 1250-1918. Chosen and edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. *Oxford*. 12s. 6d.

† *The Forsaken Garden: An Anthology of Poetry: 1824-1909*. Edited by John Heath-Stubbs and David Wright. *Lehmann*. 8s. 6d.

poems one is always glad to re-read—they manage to revive our interest in the rich familiar landscape, a landscape on which the sun of Romanticism had sunk soon after Byron's death, leaving behind it a luminous glow, the long twilight of Romantic literature which enveloped English poetry almost until 1914. Hopkins, however, was a bird of dawning; and the latest edition of the *Oxford Book*, a greatly enlarged and improved collection, though some faults are retained together with one or two of the more depressing "old favourites," finds room for several poems by Hopkins in which we distinguish the music of a curiously original talent, attuned to new modes of human thought and feeling. They sounded the death-knell of a literary epoch. Whether the succeeding age has fulfilled their promise is a question that—perhaps fortunately—I am not called on to discuss here.

PETER QUENNELL

HOMING BIRDS

See, the clear sky is threaded with a thousand rays,
The birds' unseen but certain ways
That draw the swallow and the homing dove
As eyebeams overleap distances between stars.

Whistle of wings heralds oncoming spirit;
Life-bearing birds follow the bright invisible trace
That draws the skein of wild swans flying north,
Or hangs the hawk at one point, motionless.
Life's ways pass through us, over us, beyond us.

Birds home to the heart of the world, to the islands,
To the ledges of sheer cliff, to wind-tossed tree tops,
To the windy moorland where the lapwing builds.
Nest and grave are where the quick joy fails.

Their great and certain impulses are spent
In snow-drift, salt wave, dashed against rock face,
But strong wings buffeted by wind and blizzard
Still follow the way that leads through storm to rest.

Bird angels, heavenly vehicles,
They die and are reborn; the bird is dust,
But the deathless winged delight pursues its way.

Shining travellers from another dimension
Whose heavensent flight homes to the green earth,
What gossamer desire floats out to guide
Spirit ascending and descending between grave and sky?

KATHLEEN RAINE

ISLES OF SCILLY

Here the seal smooths her familiar pillows
On rock, here fin and beak,
Harming nobody,
Seek-
And-hide in the sea. Inland, shin-deep in the shallows,
Horses like saurians lift up their necks.

The summer isles where winter seldom hardens
The soft print of the cow;
Unforbidden,
The bough
Gratefully relaxes in the snakeless gardens,
And the wave's blue crystal never fools the gazer.

The postman, like a parent, gives good-day
In the morning, to the stranger,
But his bright box
Is a danger
Signal. Keep the thoughts of home away!
For thoughts of home are thoughts of your escape,

And only those who need no haven are sure
To find one here. The rose,
Price calculated,
Glows
Redder to the grower than the epicure,
Hoarding up scraps and sights for his return.

JAMES MICHIE

CASSANDRA

Themes and Variations. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 12s. 6d.

Considerably more than half of Mr. Huxley's new book consists of an essay on the French philosopher, Maine de Biran, entitled *Variations on a Philosopher*. The remainder is made up of articles on Art and Religion, on El Greco and on Goya and of further sets of "variations" on Piranesi's etchings, *The Prisons*, and on *A Baroque Tomb*. The book concludes with an examination of the condition of modern civilisation entitled *The Double Crisis*.

In so far as any continuing thread runs through the variations, it takes the form of two questions. Maine de Biran, a moderate Royalist, lived under the Terror and also under the "tyranny" of Napoleon, yet he was not proscribed, exiled, imprisoned or tortured. Why not? Why, in other words, has the Western world become so much more ruthless during the last hundred and fifty years? And why did nobody foresee that it would?

Huxley glances at three possible causes of the decline of humanity. First, industrialism and the domination of men's minds by the machine, leading to the manipulative fallacy—human beings can be manipulated as if they were machines, and made to specification and cut to taste as if they were machine-made goods; secondly, the disappearance of belief in God and, since Nature abhors a vacuum, the consequential growth of beliefs in God-substitutes, notably the State; thirdly, as a result of nationalistic idolatry, war. It was not only Maine de Biran who failed to see these developments; nobody, not even so shrewd an observer as Marx, foresaw the second and the third, while the belief in progress, that man would grow more virtuous and human societies more prosperous and contented, persisted up to 1914.

Huxley's mind is like a fountain perpetually spraying the reader with ideas. To read him is in this respect, though in no other, like reading H. G. Wells. Thus in the course of ten successive pages he contrives to tell us that prolonged efficiency is incompatible with humanity, that one of the many dilemmas by which mankind is beset is that, while social organisation is necessary, it is also fatal, that it is bad to have disciples because they make you chatter before you die instead of preparing for the ordeal in fitting silence, that one of the drawbacks to institutions is that unlike human beings they never sleep, so that the unsleeping State, the unsleeping Church, are (a) always on duty and (b) never refreshed or inspired by the intuitional glimpse of the real nature of things which sometimes visits men in their sleep, that old age is isolating, and that the old, increasingly concerned with the decay of their minds and bodies, are diminishingly interested in affairs, that history as experienced can never be recorded, and that the underlying processes of history can never be experienced because their time-span is too long and their scale too vast; which last consideration, incidentally, answers one of the questions by explaining why Maine de Biran and Marx had no conception of the movements which were stirring in the matrix of their times.

Maine de Biran was more perceptive than most of the believers in human betterment by means of the operations of reason. "He had studied his own mind too closely to be able to believe that human beings are guided in their actions by enlightened self-interest," though even he had not "the faintest premonition of Harmsworth or Hearst, of modern advertising or the comic strip, of Goebbels or Tass." An introvert, "an empiricist of the personal life," he found his political career increasingly disappointing, his social contacts increasingly productive of frustration and humiliation. He sought, therefore, to escape into "abstract thought and the inner life, or else . . . into the loving contemplation of the Divine Spirit," which is why Huxley has taken him as a text for his sermon.

The gloom engendered by this sermon is not relieved by the other essays. *The Double Crisis* is concerned to lay bare the ecological crisis which underlies the international strains and stresses that occupy the attention of contemporary statesmen. This is largely a crisis of population which is growing so fast that by the end of the century the number of people in the world will have increased by one third. Meanwhile our food resources are diminishing. Food supplies are in theory replaceable, but what of the world's diminishing store of coal and metals? What we call progress is, in fact, no more than the accelerated exploitation of wasting assets. In Western Europe, mercifully, the population is about to decline but its quality, unfortunately, declines faster than its numbers. By the end of the present century there will only be half as many people of scholarship ability as there are now, and twice as many defectives, while the over sixty-fives will equal in number the under fifteens. The decline in the quality of the intellect of citizens combines with the decline of religion to promote the worship of the State, since it is hard to believe that democracy can survive in a world of fools.

The pressure of the world's ever increasing populations upon ever decreasing food supplies will lead to war, which leads Huxley to contend that man's "aims are the ravaging of his planet, the destruction of his civilisation and the degradation of his species." Whichever way we look the prospect is appalling; whichever way we look it is hard to believe that anything remotely approximating Western civilisation as we know it will exist in fifty years' time.

And so what? In the first place we are still too "set up" with ourselves; although we have enough intelligence to recognise that we are insignificant, we no longer have enough conscience to recognise that we are vile. The first purpose, then, of this intensely depressing book is to give us a sense of sin. The second is to show us by implication in what direction the sense of sin should lead us. And here we come to the answer to the first of the questions with which we began. The answer is on two levels. On the level of social philosophy the world has grown worse because of the enormous multiplication of its inhabitants and their pressure upon its food supplies. Experience shows that mankind will only unite against a common enemy. Instead of the traditional Martian invader, Huxley suggests a bid for international unity with a campaign for a world population policy coupled with a food resources conservation policy.

The second answer, which is on the level of personal psychology, brings us back to Maine de Biran. To anybody who has followed Huxley's later thought it can be guessed in advance. Let us put it in de Biran's terms. Man, he wrote, is

> intermediate between God and nature. He belongs to God by his spirit and to nature by his senses. He can identify himself with the latter by allowing his "I," his personality, his liberty to be absorbed in his senses. He can also, up to a certain point, identify himself with God by allowing his "I" to be absorbed through the exercise of the higher faculty.

This precisely is the view set forth by Huxley himself in *The Perennial Philosophy* and by the mystics, Mr. Propter and Bruno Rontini, in the later novels. In effect, then, the present book is concerned to re-state by implication the philosophy which has increasingly engaged Huxley's attention during the last twenty years. Man, Huxley maintains, has forgotten and betrayed his spiritual nature. Hence the disasters of his civilisation.

Perhaps, perhaps not; but, if so, I have three questions. First, if man is really spirit, how comes it that he forgets and betrays? What, in other words, is Huxley's version of The Fall? Secondly, are his forgetfulness and his betrayal worse then they have ever been? Probably not, but if not, why is his civilisation going down hill? Thirdly, if the recipe for salvation is to identify oneself with the underlying spirit of the universe,

how is man to be persuaded to adopt it? Huxley speaks much of the virtue of loving, but there is little sign in his later books that he practises what he preaches. It is not with love but with nagging that he approaches twentieth-century humanity, or perhaps it is that he nags because he loves. Whatever the reason, he has established himself as the twentieth century's most persistent "scold." C. E. M. JOAD

HAMLET WALKS

Three Tales of Hamlet. By RAYNER HEPPENSTALL and MICHAEL INNES. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

Hamlet's is a more impossible ghost to lay than his father's, and where better in these days could he stalk and beckon than on 464 metres? There, among other invisible commotions, he will have passed by or through the History of European Music in sound, Bertrand Russell prophesying war, Mr. Fred Hoyle and his brother suns; and his interest in rehearsals will no doubt have led him to many a bleak room where an attentive girl waits to smash a saucer at the back of actors declaiming with one hand in the pocket. From the Third Programme, at any rate, come these three visitations—two plays and a mock address, to which are added prefaces and introductions, all linked by the Hamlet theme, and designed to juggle and instruct.

They read now as well as they sounded: the latter two, in fact, read better. Mr. Heppenstall's re-creation of the original Hamlet or Amleth, which provided rather—what shall I say?—thick listening, makes a by no means pellucid appeal in print, but fascinating it is. A captured shield brings before us the adventures of Hamlet; painted figures evoke the live scene; Hamlet comes and goes, plotting, accusing, idiotising, marrying abroad, hurtling one grave counsellor to the pigs, sewing up the whole drunken Danish court in canvas and setting sword and fire to them; and in the end, slain in battle, he is carried in on that shield to the lamentation of Pict and Dane, Briton and cannibal and Christian. To have touched, in any degree, the spark to this barbaric world, is itself a feat of imagination and language. Sometimes the mists of dialect ("Gar twa o thae breith kemps hold it, my lady") and of bardic chant roll heavily about; to dissolve, however, in the clean bright sun with which Mr. Heppenstall will happily, if a trifle remotely, smile on his theme. I had, I must admit, several shots at "The Fool's Saga" before I found myself well carried on; but the attempt is worth making. Half its enticement comes, of course, from the shock of being confronted with the pre-Shakespearian hero.

> GERTRUDE: Hamlet, put off this lumpish mood. The time to mourn is over.
> HAMLET: Cock-a-doodle-doo. . . . Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Thus, rather late, and flapping his arms, he makes his notable first appearance.

Of the two pieces by Mr. Michael Innes, his detective squib ("The Mysterious Affair at Elsinore") is more fun to read than it was to listen to, if only because we are not bound by the author's tones, which, over the air, suggested Mr. Gillie Potter raised to the dignity of a Vice-Chancellorship. He proves, by the way, conclusively, that Fortinbras faked the ghost and committed the murder.

"The Hawk and the Handsaw," with which the volume opens, is investigation on an altogether higher, poetic level. Here, the solution both satisfies our love of the ingenious (which, by the way, Miss Sayers once extended rather questionably to the Gospel story) and gives a sharp twist to drama and character. *Hamlet*—the play—unveils a fearful lifelikeness with so much slack and knot, so many tangles, breaks, divagations, that an interpreter can import almost anything he likes so long as it comports with the central character. Mr. Innes pushes to its extreme that line of criticism which would banish the Ghost altogether into the realm of delusions: a view very much opposed, needless to say, to Shakespeare's, and refutable from his first scene. However, Mr. Innes isn't here criticising, but projecting a Hamlet—unmistakably Shakespeare's—along beats a little off the familiar. The conviction of character enables us to believe, temporarily, that this Hamlet is haunted by a spectre in his mind's eye, that Claudius and Gertrude are innocent, that Ophelia is the daughter of a girl whom Hamlet had worshipped as a child and whom he had discovered one day lying with his father in the orchard: somewhat ashamed she pressed a murder story (Gonzago's) into the child's hands, and hence the complex of father-hate, incest, and slaughter. Two-thirds of this is quite demonstrably anti-Shakespearean; and yet Mr. Innes gets away with it, because his is the unmistakable Hamlet walking and talking out of the past. He has the kind of nobility, bitter relish, and violence we know to be Hamlet's. Mr. Innes's most remarkable achievement has been to confront this tragic hero with the findings of psychoanalysis. This he accomplishes by means of a Doctor Mungo, versed in the treatment of melancholy, who has encountered Hamlet wandering after the death of Polonius, and leads him to his own discoveries of childhood. The revelations are made dramatic, and the language is most persuasive. Here are the terms in which Hamlet receives the final unlocking of his secret:

> My father's spirit methought appeared to me from purgatorial fires. Such visitings, if our sceptic age can take them, Doctor, make reasonable sense, stand with an ordered cosmos, allow Divinity still His finger at our shaping. But the shades that you have summoned come from a different place of pain, from the stricken mind of a child whose agony, suffered without desert, now deviously fathers my every seeming act of mature will. Are then our grown hopes and fears, our stretchings a little to pinch out the devil, act the man, love the saint—are these, I say, disguised effusions from some blind, infantile source? Is not this, now, a preposterous show of things, that the man should by dancing ever to the unlicked lad's forgotten tune; the lad be commanded still by the puking babe; the babe, belike, be bound by accidents beyond the portals of the womb? Does no man aim, in truth, where he fancies that his reason points the bolt? This, narrowly scanned, oppugns all order and degree; it whips the lid off Chaos! But let me say this, only this. I spy a choice, Doctor, a grave choice. For, grant sin and grace, repentance, a celestial frame where good and evil stand outside ourselves, and confess, where does the likelier proposition lie? . . .

Well, he goes off to make his decision; and what that was, with a few readjustments necessary to a strict return to events, Shakespeare has informed us. Mr. Innes has lent further credibility to his intervention by setting his drama in the reign of King Fortinbras, with a reminiscential Horatio, a performance of *Hamlet* going on indoors, the roar of the sea in caverns below, and winds and shapes of mist sweeping the well-known battlement. There are some confused moments in the fadings up and down stairs, to and fro in time—on the page as in performance—but the dramatic clue-hunting is not thereby seriously impaired, and the whole piece justifies itself as an inquisitive *tour-de-force*. It is quite brilliantly written. I find myself in warm agreement with Mr. Heppenstall's assertion—as against the view of radio composition *sui generis*—that "any kind of good writing will broadcast well if the appropriate means are found." He produced all three of these Hamlet pieces, and his brooding levity gives the book shape. How to the point, in one of his prefaces, is the reminder that "England in Shakespeare's day was ruled by a Virgin Queen about whom mythical attributes clustered even in her life-time"! Matriarchy, he goes on to suggest, was in the air, and Shakespeare its rebellious golden boy. G. W. STONIER

PARTICULAR VIEWS

Collected Impressions. By ELIZABETH BOWEN. *Longmans.* 16s.

The last essay finished, we turn back to the Foreword, to read about what we have been reading. Here, very lucidly, Miss Bowen discusses the problems confronting the novelist who turns to criticism. How admirably she has faced these problems we are now already aware; only in some of the descriptive pieces—on wartime London, for instance—does her narrative sensibility insist on coming to the surface. But what this collection also illustrates is an essential difference between the novelist and the critic. The critic, unfairly, perhaps, has a reserve, a defence that the novelist, with his greater daring, has not. He is essentially (or so he hopes) secret. His statement may be bold, even intimate; it is not, in the final sense, revealing. The novelist is more vulnerable, or appears to be so. Perhaps this explains the preference that many readers have for the essays of Virginia Woolf, and of Mr. E. M. Forster, to the novels of these writers. It is a preference that Miss Bowen the novelist, disguised as Miss Bowen the critic, regrets.

Collected Impressions (for we must now particularise) consists of essays, critical and descriptive. Most are on books and their writers—among them Flaubert, Le Fanu, Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster, Aldous Huxley, D. H. Lawrence, de Montherlant, Trollope, Barrie, Conrad, Gorki—novelists, mainly, though Ben Jonson is here, and Shakespeare also. Some are impressions of places—Salzburg, Dover, Folkestone. Several are on Ireland and Irishmen. Manners, the Royal Academy (1936, but it might be to-day), childhood reading, are other subjects. There is an account (*The Mulberry Tree*) of a girls' school which, I am tempted to think, is the book's masterpiece. In an over-conscientious anxiety about the book's unity, Miss Bowen, in her Foreword, attaches importance to the order in which the essays are arranged. Of this I am unable to judge, for I did not—indeed, I could not—read them in that order. Does any reader ever follow the arrangement in a book of essays or short stories?

There is, indeed, a unity in the book, but it does not depend on the grouping. Here is criticism of an imaginative order, which is yet neither tense

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LUND HUMPHRIES

nor fragile. It is practical, for Miss Bowen is a craftsman. It delightfully presents the often-avoided truth that literature is not separate from life. It has humanity, and it also has wit. Reading, we are constantly pleased by the phrase that is not so much an epigram—a summing-up or closing—but a prelude or invitation to thought: "Few people squander their gifts—alas! things are not so simple—they mis-invest what they have." "It is a pity that about lives in which dreams are realised there should cling . . . the meretricious unreality of all dreams." "How foolish to decry the accomplishments—the sheltered woman's sole tactile hold on life." "No, it is not only our fate but our business to lose innocence." "Kensington looks inscrutable because it looks dull, and one is willing to let the dull stay inscrutable." "The reaction to human suffering must be awe, first, not simply the good cry." "To please" (where there is no formal code of manners) "even to conform to what is expected, one must constantly draw on a private natural genius, meant for one's own pleasure, or for the intimacies of love." "In all Mr. Forster's novels a disinterested unfairness is, in fact, generic." On Huxley: "perhaps he was born versatile: did he make himself diligent?" "In Lawrence, every bush burns." Or, on school life, "I never thought worse of anyone for being good at games so long as she was not unattractive in other ways." Enough . . .

This criticism, indeed, induces an attitude of acceptance. Impression provides its brilliant surface, yet this is at few points without its anchor of reason; and we may quarrel with the one but not (at least, not so easily) with the other. Yet there are times—not many but not unimportant—where I think that the novelist has overridden the critic. In one instance, Miss Bowen presents a thesis that the Trollope world had the same exotic charm for its author as it has for Trollope's admirers to-day. Insecure, she suggests, he "yearned for the ordinary like a lover." This seems to me a peculiarly wilful misreading of the Victorian mind. Nor can I accept her view of Barrie, whom she finds "innocent of, at least, the *wish* to exploit." "I am convinced," she writes, "that there was not a trick in his art." A glance, even, at the cold blue stare of the portraits should shake such a conviction; a reading of that staggeringly skilful achievement, *The Little White Bird*, should make it impossible not to acquit its author of the charge of artlessness.

Miss Bowen's constructive analysis is most usefully illustrated in a number of short critical excursions within the framework of the essays. Such topics are—the nature of autobiography (in the Henry Handel Richardson study); the Victorian novel (*Ivy Compton-Burnett*) the novelist's view of novel-writing; the reputation of the lately dead (*Conrad*); the short story (*Gorki's Stories*); popular or library reading (*Out of a Book*). I know that I have not yet mentioned a long and important contribution entitled *Notes on Writing a Novel:* such anatomising dismays me, and I pass over the pages quickly, quickly. These notes are too good. Here are all the bones; here is the ultimate investigation of *How*. To what point can we benefit, I ask myself, from another's experience? There is as much to be learnt, I think, from Miss Bowen's introduction to Le Fanu's *Uncle Silas*. This is not only the most brilliant critical essay in the book, but it contains all the elements to which Miss Bowen is, as a writer, most susceptible; the young girl, the decaying mansion, the autumnal mood, the Irishness (implicit here in the author), the dark domestic warmth of the Victorian interior, the elegance, the fear. "Maud is, by nature, a bride of death. . . . The wind blowing her way from the family mausoleum troubles our heroine like a mating cry." There is much to be enjoyed, much to be discovered in Miss Bowen's essays. No critic, of course, should read them. Like those seductive Spenserian pleasure gardens, they deprive him of his one necessary faculty—the power (or is it the desire?) of making out his rough but independent path, alone.

NAOMI LEWIS

M. SARTRE'S BAUDELAIRE

Baudelaire. By JEAN-PAUL SARTRE. Translated by MARTIN TURNELL. *Horizon.* 10s. 6d.

M. Sartre's Baudelaire is an essay in what he calls "Existentialist psychoanalysis"; and what he means by this he has set out in some detail in *L'Etre et le Néant*. Sartre once said that Existentialism "*est strictement destinée aux techniciens et aux philosophes.*" And though I doubt if this was intended to be taken entirely seriously, it is true that Existentialism presents a complete system of thought, and to attempt to understand a detached fragment of it is impossible. I do not think that this book is really comprehensible, and certainly it would not be rewarding, without some acquaintance with M. Sartre's metaphysics.

What can be taken as the starting-point of Existentialism is its account of the "condition of man". The very use of this expression would suggest that the Existentialists believe in some overwhelming disability or source of frustration which afflicts all human beings alike and which, if we wish to understand mankind, we should study to the virtual exclusion of all its other problems; and this in fact they do maintain, although when we come to inquire more closely what this disability might be, we are presented sometimes with an account of a psychological problem, and sometimes with an account of an ethical problem, and the expression "the condition of man" is used ambiguously to cover both. Perhaps though these are merely two facets of the same problem, although quite how they are related is not clear. However in psychological terms the "condition of man" is his inability to see himself as others see him; in ethical terms, it is his inability to discover a code of morals that is logically necessary.

Here is the real source of man's *angoisse*, and either he must remain puzzled and frustrated, or else he must assert his freedom. This he does by making a *choice*—by choosing what he will be like and so creating his own character, rather than endeavouring to discover it by introspection—and by choosing for himself his own code of morals instead of vainly hoping to decipher one inscribed in the world around him. Those that make such a choice—and what choice they make is indifferent—are the whole, the free, the sincere. As for the others, there are many ways in which they can fail, and to investigate the varieties of human inertia and cowardice is one of the interests of Existentialism. Existentialist psychoanalysis is simply this investigation carried out in great detail on one particular subject; the crucial point is always the choice that the subject has made, or failed to make.

Under such an analysis Baudelaire is found wanting; M. Sartre presents him to us as one of the *gran rifiutos* of the nineteenth century. We are told:

> Baudelaire was the man who chose to look upon himself as though he were another person: his life is simply the story of the failure of this attempt.

and, later on, we read:

> This strange soul lived in bad faith . . . it chose not to choose *its* Good.

The rest of the book is really an elaboration of these two points, and all Baudelaire's difficulties and suffering, the peculiarities of his temperament and the tortuous character of his life are ascribed wholly to this attempt to achieve the impossible.

But as we read on, we become suspicious: in what sense was it the impossible that he was trying to achieve, and how did his failure produce frustration? For admittedly we cannot see ourselves as others see us, we cannot discover any logically necessary code of morals; but then this is because the expressions "to see oneself as others see one" (in the rather odd Existentialist use of this phrase) and "a logically necessary code of morals" are, in a disguised way, contradictions in terms. So, to agree with the Existentialists here is not to admit some fresh limitation on the powers of man, or to uncover any genuine source of *angoisse* or frustration, analogous, say, to that provided by Freud in his theory of the

Oedipus complex; for surely it is in general strange to say that someone is frustrated by being unable to do something which is itself self-contradictory—for instance, by being unable to describe a square circle.

Is then the key that we were offered to Baudelaire's character illusory, one that will open no locks? There is, however, a looser way in which we could take what M. Sartre has to say. He might be interpreted as claiming, for instance, not that Baudelaire's inability to see himself as others saw him was a major source of frustration but that it was his inability to see *why* this should be so that was at the root of most of his anxieties and fears. In this way, all his psychological difficulties would be regarded as ultimately intellectual difficulties. And this, it seems to me, is what in effect the method of Existentialist psychoanalysis amounts to.

How far is such an interpretation valid? That is to say, how far does it illuminate Baudelaire? For Existentialist psycho-analysis, unlike its Freudian counterpart, has no practical, therapeutic aims, and so its ability to illuminate either the artist or his art must be our sole criterion in judging it. Personally I feel that it fails here. For as a writer of poetry and of intuitive criticism Baudelaire was a genius; as a thinker he was surely repetitive and often shallow. Ordinarily, that his gifts should have been so disparate does not surprise us; but when he is subjected to an analysis which sets out to interpret his poetry in terms of his thought, then, for my part at least, the result is bewilderment rather than illumination. Some writers can to advantage be interpreted in this way—for instance, Dostoievsky, on whom M. Sartre, in *L'Être et le Néant* promised us a study—but Baudelaire is not one of them.

Again, on individual points it is difficult to accept M. Sartre's sustained attempt not just to supplement but to overrule the more common-sense interpretations of Baudelaire's character or poetry; such as when we are told that Baudelaire used the idea of *correspondences* without really believing in it; or that to ascribe the frequent references to scents in his poetry to a well-developed sensibility on this score is "frivolous"; or that Poe would not have been so important for him if he had not been dead—although in fact Baudelaire began to read and admire him three years before his death. Above all, M. Sartre explicitly rejects the notion of any development—"Few existences" he writes "have been more stagnant than his"—and the result is that the Baudelaire he presents is, for the most part, the Baudelaire of the earlier poems; and so when he draws on the later writings, particularly the letters, for quotations, these are invariably heavily glossed.

But the distinctive note of this book, what makes it a remarkable work, is the degree of intellect, wrong-headed and paradoxical though it often is, exercised in the writing of it. And cleverness is a quality which, in this country at any rate, we have come to associate rarely with literary criticism. Still, it is easier to admire this book than to find it useful.

RICHARD WOLLHEIM

NEW NOVELS

Apology for a Hero. By A. L. BARKER. *The Hogarth Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Every Man a Penny. By BRUCE MARSHALL. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Iron Hoop. By CONSTANTINE FITZ GIBBON. *Cassell.* 9*s.*

The Green Tree and the Dry. By IVAN ROE. *Hutchinson.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The House Across the River. By MARGARET BONHAM. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

I cannot believe that a good novel can be written in which all the characters are nasty, or all dull. A novel full of Quilps would be as intolerable as a novel peopled only by Little Nells: one becomes immune to the bite of the one and surfeited by the other. In the same way, for the dull, plain, unnoticeable character it is important that he should eventually reveal something. If he is dull all through, what should move us to pay ten-and-six to read about him? If he has not, like Charlotte Brontë's quiet heroines, hidden fires, then he is just a dull dog from cover to cover; and most of us tend to recoil, however inhumanely, from dull dogs, or at least to have no appetite for their company.

This makes for me the weakness and disappointment of Miss A. L. Barker's first novel, which is well written and by no means commonplace in theme. The point, alas, of the hero for whom she is so concerned to apologise is simply that he is dull all through. She tests him, like a character in a fairy tale, against various stimulating and unusual situations, and in each he remains as unshakably dull and grey as a piece of last week's pudding.

Now this may be admirable reading at clinical level, but at the level of fiction it is deadly. One is left with a serious desire to know (since Miss Barker is not a frivolous writer) what was the original spark which fired her to the writing of this book? What experience, what fertilising moment of perception? It seems to have been the imagined impact between a dull-all-through character and one described on the book-jacket as a "romantic spiritual hobo." Charles Candy, the futile middle-aged hero with a face "like a startled horse," is confronted in his own home by his wife's younger sister, who has the appearance, domestic habits and morals of a tramp. Something could be developed from this, and something is; but it develops too late. The reader *must* have someone to be interested in, or someone to like: or between dull hero and repulsive heroine the attention is gradually numbed, so that half-way through it lets go without caring, like a drowning man relinquishing a plank. When, on the last page, the dull hero springs out of himself sufficiently to perform his one decisive action, most readers will miss it, for the simple reason that they will be reading another book.

Mr. Bruce Marshall is never simply dull; he is a brisk and popular writer with a Catholic muse. This gives him a great advantage, since Catholic readers presumably like to read about themselves, and for the non-Catholic there is all the attraction of the unknown specialised world—the presbytery, the confessional, the convent. In the opening sentences of *Every Man a Penny* Mr. Marshall is at pains to put both potential audiences at their ease:

> The Cardinal always found it difficult to feel holy in hot weather. . . . Kneeling at the back of the church he examined his conscience. The grosser sins were not there, of course . . . but the Cardinal did not fail to distinguish a number of the lesser. . . . On Friday he had allowed the thought of his forthcoming holiday in Brittany to disturb his midday recitation of the Angelus; and on Saturday he had laughed aloud when the Minister of Bridges and Roads had attended a public function with one of his fly-buttons undone.

The tuning-fork is struck, the note given. We are going to be familiar with, respectfully and affectionately funny about, cardinals.

Mr. Marshall describes the vesting of priests in great detail and devotes many repetitive paragraphs to their offices and prayers; nevertheless his cardinals and bishops, his *chanoines* and *abbés*, even the poor, despised, Christ-like Abbé Gaston who is his hero, remain perfectly flat figures. This need not, however, trouble the reader, for Mr. Marshall has invented a device for telling his characters apart. The Cardinal Archbishop can be recognised as soon as mentioned because he is always devising new techniques for keeping his mind on his devotions. The Chanoine Litry is identified by the circumstance of his being perpetually concerned with the appearance and behaviour of young girls. The American Bishop is not to be confused with the others because he is constantly diving into swimming pools and saying things like "What those bums need is a kick in the ass." And the Abbé Gaston is always underfed, limping painfully, befriending outcasts and prostitutes, and taking home starving kittens whom he fancifully christens St. Blasius

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of Cappadocia, St. Elisabeth of Hungary or St. John of the Cross.

Because the repetitive pseudo-devout style and the sentimentality are unlikely to engage non-Catholic readers, one wonders where Mr. Marshall's vast public for this book will be. (For the vastness of the public for his books about priests you have only to turn to the back flap.) Will it lie on the table in every convent parlour, will it be bought for the library of every Catholic school? No; because (and Mr. Marshall should have thought of this) prostitution is frequently mentioned, and a poor whore dies in childbirth. It seems, then, likely to fall into the hands chiefly of gentle-minded Catholic ladies; but as these are notoriously subscribers to libraries, what about Mr. Marshall's profits? I can only think that it had better be bought by Hollywood, which is fond of holy (but very tough and jolly) films about priests and nuns, and has not yet thought of comic cardinals.

Mr. Constantine Fitz Gibbon in *The Iron Hoop* has tried to do a bold thing; I am not sure that it has quite come off. He has tried to examine the corruption that rots both conqueror and conquered in an occupied country—a theme worthy of the noblest talent. But for some reason he has felt that he cannot set his story in occupied Austria or Germany or any other identifiable place; his occupying power cannot be the Americans or the British, or even the Russians or the French. Both the country and the conquerors must be nameless and timeless, because the theme is universal.

Very well. There are cities full of ruins everywhere, and the reader may take his choice. But the discovery one makes in reading is that this anonymity has in no sense freed the writer: it has hampered him. He goes to great lengths to avoid naming the city and its inhabitants and conquerors, so that one is constantly reminded that this is *not* Hamburg or these are *not* Americans, or whatever one's slipshod imagination, nourished so recently and so often on stories of lost generations among ruins, has been idly picturing; and this constant jogging of the elbow, this persistent whisper about the universality of the theme (like an Italian beggar pursuing one in church) destroys the illusion in the way that a less pretentious convention would not have done. The very pinnacle of artificiality is reached with the Hero, leader of the futile resistance movement among the ruins, who is always called the Hero by everybody and referred to in that manner in the text. This does nothing but underline the incredibility of the character, who is a sort of failed Pied Piper of the maquis. After a few pages of the Hero I found myself more or less anaesthetised to whatever else in the book was imaginative or good.

Picking up the last two books in this collection of five, I am struck afresh by wonder on a point of psychology. *Who* is it who advises publishers that it is good business to print photographs of authors (smiling, quizzical or intense) on their book jackets? Both Mr. Roe and Miss Bonham are good looking, but many authors are not; and I constantly reel with amazement at the heads and faces that are evidently meant to make a book more saleable. Am I supposed to prefer a good-looking author to a plain one? What am I to make of Mr. Roe's hobbies, described with such breathless chattiness under his portrait? Am I, again, meant to be drawn to Miss Bonham by the news that she "dislikes long walks, church bells, the Romantic Revival, opera and ballet"? What back-room adviser urges these inanities on the publisher?

It will be observed that having studied their book jackets I cannot be wholly fair to either Mr. Roe or Miss Bonham. Mr. Roe has written a book on Dostoievsky which was well thought of and which I have not read: from *The Green Tree and the Dry* I should never have supposed that he had heard of Dostoievsky. The effect of this first novel is rather as though the immortal Mrs. Glyn should try her hand at the maquis and the resistance. It has not her lusciousness, but only she (I should have thought) would have imagined it possible that a resistance leader, on the run from the police and hiding for his life behind a bedroom curtain, should throw escape and caution to the winds because of the green eyes and cold, blonde beauty of the superb Englishwoman to whom the bedroom belongs. Nevertheless, Mr. Roe has thought of it as well, and even in the matter of lusciousness he does his best:

> He saw tears of anguish rolling down her cheeks, and trembled violently, springing forward to touch her. . . . A long shudder convulsed her. . . . As he spoke his face became contorted with pain. . . . He leaned forward and kissed her on the lips. . . . For a second she surrendered with her whole body, blindly. Her dreams had been like this . . . but in reality no sensation had scorched her so deeply. Something inside her body tore itself apart like a veil. . . .

And all this time, mind you, the local Gestapo are searching the hotel.

Miss Bonham's first novel is one of those books about a man who finds a dead body and for no discernible reason devotes himself to tracking down the murderer. I never can get interested in these, although I know there is a public for them. Besides, this one is written with an irritating tennis-club sort of brightness which does nothing to soften the improbabilities of the story. I cannot think whom it would amuse; but then I am abnormally averse from this kind of fiction.

MARGARET LANE

LEARN TO PAINT

On Not Being Able to Paint. By JOANNA FIELD. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d.

Many of us, at one time or another, under the spell of a nostalgic whiff from the messy absorptions of childhood, have said to ourselves: "I think I'll take up painting again." And this time we remember that we are adults and that we can allow ourselves to use oils. There follows the extravagant visit to an art shop: the faint exhalation of unreasonable guilt: the unwrapping: the setting up (how many properties "art" is found to need!). And then the struggle: the wrestle with the tyranny of objects: the impotent inability ever to "get it right": till finally the apparatus is packed dolefully away in drawers, or cupboards and the rueful conclusion is drawn, "It's no use, I can't draw."

To any who have suffered this experience, and did not like being defeated by it, I can recommend Miss Joanna Field's fascinating *On Not Being Able To Paint*; it may encourage them to start again. Miss Field starts from having tried all the usual ways of learning to paint: books, painting lessons, evening classes, sketching, and from finding herself dissatisfied with all the results: "They gave no sense of being new creations in their own right, they seemed to be only tolerably good imitations of something else; in fact to be counterfeits." But instead of abandoning her dissatisfaction into cupboards or drawers she set about trying to find out why it was she could produce nothing that really gave her the feeling of creation. This took her on a long, difficult, even painful, introspective expedition. But she plots her course so clearly and describes the experiences she goes through so vividly that it makes an absorbing mental adventure-story, and one which will certainly encourage others in similar bouts to make similar journeys for themselves.

Miss Field has the advantage of being uncommonly self-aware and self-analytic. Tackling her own problem of a rigid clinging to outline, for instance, brought her up against a problem of hidden fears:

> People must surely be afraid, without knowing it, that their hold upon reason and sanity is precarious, else they would not so resent being asked to look at visual experience in a new way, they would not be so afraid of not seeing the world as they have always seen it and in the general publicly agreed way of seeing it.

Does that seem far-fetched? Yet it *is* peculiar, the passionate anger which "modern art" inspires

especially in people who are ordinarily not interested in art at all. And Miss Field's argument becomes more and more persuasive as she pursues her way through the other technical problems, space, colour, composition. It is the fear of what we may find there that is at the back of our failure either to put up with modes of painting with which we are not familiar or to explore for ourselves the pleasure of creating rather than copying.

This brings us on to her "free drawings" with which the book is most interestingly illustrated. In these she rediscovers in herself the kind of fierce childish symbolic scribbles which we are now acquainted with in children's drawings when the children are given a free hand. The exploration of these leads a long way. The dramas of childhood are played out in them, the passions, angers, jealousies, hates, fears, resignations. And into these "free drawings" there came the very element that had been missing in the early academic sketches, the counterfeits. Feeling ran riot. They were not the paintings she was aiming at; but they represented a stage that simply had to be gone through before painting could even begin.

This may seem a very long way round: too long for those who, starting on the merest of sudden whims, just want to paint. But this conclusion may strike a chord in those who start and then give up:

> I could at last begin to learn how to paint. At least I could take the risk of covering canvases and being dissatisfied with the result and going on to try again and even of getting professional help. And this seemed partly because I now knew more or less, or thought I did, what I was trying to do, it was also because having recognised the necessity of both illusion and disillusion, I no longer expected a painting to be a magical solution to every problem of life, and so no longer made the half-admitted demand that any picture should be a masterpiece or it was not worth doing.

Educationists and teachers of art who use "self-expression methods" will already be familiar with the experiences Miss Field describes. What gives sharpness and conviction to this book is that it is not "all theory"; it is an account of a practical experiment and the generalisations derive from the actual practice. RICHARD LISTER

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,058

Set by John Russell

Competitors are invited to write the opening or the closing paragraph (150 words) of a Portrait in Miniature by Lytton Strachey of one of the following: Nelson, Edward VII, Proust, Edward Grey, Archbishop Lang. Entries by June 6th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,055

Set by Richard Lister

This is the season when school children are set down to write their first essay of the term, which is generally entitled "The Happiest Day of My Holidays." Competitors are invited to write the first 150 words of such an essay, imagining that they are one of the following, aged 13: Edmund Gosse, James Joyce, H. G. Wells, D. H. Lawrence, Bernard Shaw, Samuel Butler.

Report by Richard Lister

As luck would have it, the very first entry on the top of the pile was this:

The happiest day of my holidays was when I learned the life of my namesake St. Bernard of Clairvaux. We teach history from the lives of scoundrels: when will we begin to learn it from the lives of our great saints? He was really one of the great statesmen in history. When he went wrong, as he did when he preached the second crusade, he was religiously wrong, misled by his devotion to the deified Christ of his Church.

St. Bernard starved himself, wilfully exchanging wine for water and luxury for poverty. But Jesus exchanged water for wine; refused to fast; feasted with the officials of the Roman Government; and complained that he was called "a gluttonous man and a winebibber" because he would not practise the austerities of John the Baptist. Nowhere in the Gospels is there any mention or suggestion of his denying himself any indulgence within his reach and consistent with his vocation.

The competitor who submitted it? G. Bernard Shaw. This is all very well, but what are poor competitors (and setters) to do, if the models on which they are working insist on stepping out of the wax and coming to life? In this case it is possible, I think, to "fault" Mr. Shaw and use his entry as a measure to show how the results were judged. His content certainly catches the spirit of the competition, the impertinent caruistry of an adolescent rebel. But can we really suppose that at that age the famous style should be so highly developed, the rapier so sharp, the aim so exact? It may have been so, and Mr. Shaw might protest that he ought to know better than we do. But in any case we prefer not to think so. Illusion demands a period of fumbling, a gawky stage, a long-legged chicken to burst through the egg-shell, not a complete cockerel with a flaming red cockscomb fully grown; and it is illusion—Mr. Shaw will certainly agree to this—that is rewarded, not reality.

So the prizes go to those entries which bear traces of the awkward age besides the promise of what is to come. One guinea each to L. E. J., A. M. Grossett, and A. M. Sayers. Half a guinea consolation prize to the others printed below and the same for George Bernard Shaw printed above.

G. B. SHAW

This is a silly subject for an essay because you cannot have a "happiest" day unless you have happy days. Nobody at 13 can be happy because he is forced to do so many unnecessary things by peepel who are not wiser but only stronger than he is, or have the money. But the least unhappy day of my holidays was the day I taut my grandmother not to suck eggs. She sed she liked them best raw but it made her very messy and I showd her how to boil fry and poche them. I did not made an omlet because my grandfather sed you cant make an omlet without braking eggs and I cud not see any way of proving him rong which generally I always can. The speling in this essay is done on purpose because it is more sensible and saves time. L. E. J.

D. H. LAWRENCE

The house was astir early. I lay in bed listening to the sounds from the kitchen; the scrape of the kettle on the hob, and the murmur of my father's voice: when I heard his pit-boots on the path I got up.

After breakfast mother put on her black hat and said:

"I s'll come down the field with you."

Together we went out into the sunshine.

"Here's a sweet," she said, touching my hand.

I sucked the clean, warm-tasting smell of the aniseed, feeling a oneness with her.

"I s'll think of you fearfully often," I said.

"H'm!"

I could see she was pleased.

In the meadow bottom, where the celandines strained towards the sun, I stopped to gather a bunch. She took them without a word, but I could sense the intensity behind her smile.

The ecstasy of love filled me as we went through the sunlit fields. C. M. GROSETT

One day in the holidays, Ronny and I went out to play cricket. I carried the stumps which reminded me of something but I don't know what. Ronny batted first. As I bowled to him I felt there was no connection between us, nothing at all. The little red ball was hissing between us and he was striking it with the thin yellow bat but there was no connection. There was no connection in any sense because I bowled him out. As we changed over a spark seemed to go between us and he said "Well done Bert." I ground my teeth. How I hated it! I scored twenty runs. But I shall never play cricket again. It is all played out, this cricket. All this bat-and-balling is over and done with! As we went home Ronny said "What a good day that was!" I hated him! That was the happiest day of my holiday. EDWARD BLISHEN

Company Meeting

Cable and Wireless (Holding)

Boards Investment Plan

THE twenty-first annual general meeting of Cable and Wireless (Holding), Limited, was held on Tuesday, May 23rd, in London.

Sir Edward Wilshaw, K.C.M.G., the chairman, in the course of his speech, said: It was decided to recommend a dividend of 4 per cent on the Ordinary Stock for the year 1949, similar to that paid for some years past. The current year, 1950, will also be an abnormal year because of the Reconstruction Scheme, but I shall be disappointed if we are not able to pay a dividend of 5 per cent, drawing a little if necessary from the unappropriated profits of earlier years.

The Reconstruction Scheme accepted by you recently will be submitted to the High Court on June 12th, and if no legal difficulties arise we hope to make all payments, as are necessary, to Stockholders by the end of June.

The Reconstruction Scheme for all practical purposes is behind us, and we can now settle down and concentrate on the administration of what will be the biggest Investment Trust Company in the Empire, with an authorised Capital of 47 million pounds. With the ordinary and loan capital of approaching £20,000,000, provided by £5,000,000 issued ordinary stock and a further £12,249,877 loan stocks, the opportunities which lie ahead in performing a useful service to the community, open a vista of the widest possibilities carrying with them also a great responsibility to all concerned.

It is not possible for me at this stage to forecast accurately the future earnings of the company, but I do not think that the provisional figures which I gave you at the April meeting and which were, of course, calculated before the capital of the company as reconstructed was known, will differ materially from the actual results.

I again repeat I shall be disappointed if we are unable to pay a dividend of 5 per cent for the current year, and I believe that those of you who have retained a whole or partial interest in the reconstructed company will have no cause to regret their decision.

The report was adopted.

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I have a rabbit I call Bismarck, because he is so strong. Last week Mother asked me: "Shall I draw you a picture of him?"

"Oh do!"

She took me by the hand and we went to the hutch that stood in a corner behind the house, and looked at the great black-and-white rabbit.

"Shall I take him out?" asked Mother.

"He's very strong. He really is very strong."

"But I'll try. Shall I?"

"Yes, if you like. But he's a fearful kicker!"

I unlocked the door of the hutch. Mother thrust in her arm and seized the great, lusty rabbit as he crouched. She grasped his long ears. He set his four feet flat and thrust back. There was a long scraping sound as he was hauled forward, and in another instant he was in mid-air, lunging wildly, his body flying like a spring coiled and released, as he lashed out; suspended from the ears.

LEON M. SHIRLAW

JAMES JOYCE

Me happie stay was wid me Auntie Poly Floys, Boss, who loves in a cabin by the violet sea. "Go down and gadder bait and seawade and search like on the strand," sez she one fine morning. "See, urchin, you can step out as long as ever you went to." So I rapt a pokepie in half a tick and wendered lively as a crowd, gay as a singing bard, running wherever I wanton, raiding astray the becks of flirtering sea gals off the rucks to the jolly free serf, and fardel off yet, on the backs of wails swimming out of my deth to boys and vassals chained in the harbour. Worm and saltry, forestore, was the pools of finnycrayters. And lost of all I scarred meself in a cave wid aloud noisome ego, which made me wary. But I say I was hoppy as a sandbee. A. M. SAYERS

The Tuesday before the feast of the Circumcision I got off the tram at Nelson's Pillar. Decoys of buns for fellahs from Blackrock. Forty days shall he deny them. Mountains of marshmallows in the Monument Bakery Company's window inveigling priest-pups in from the north-east. Luncheons à la carte. Teas with Gorgeous Cream buns. The waitress we saw out in Phoenix Park one Sunday with the fellah from Balls-bridge Provision store. Black satin sweat with toasted tea-cakes. Vast round cheeses stinking of young Mulligan's socks on his black iron bedrail.

D. Are you getting O.U.T. Mulligan?

M. Rogo, trogare, rogavi, rogatum—

D. Put your filthy socks on, Mulligan!

M. Get away with your filthy fish-goggled anima, Dedalus, before I prefect your infinite theorem of infallibility.

D. Come on, fellahs, cheese him!

Vince, Harbud and MacNamara pulled him off his hotbed of horsehair.

D. Roll him over in his filthy nightshirt, boys. Sit on his
plump
rump
Stuff his vox
with sox . . .

ANN GOULD

SAMUEL BUTLER

I stayed with my aunt, and on Easter Sunday I was not well and could not go to church, so my aunt gave me some books to read, one of which was Fox's Book of Martyrs. I had not seen this before, and it was very interesting with lots of pictures, and taught me much about religion. I was struck by what happened to one of the executioners. He would have done better to be a martyr himself, as he would have been up against it anyhow and might as well have got the credit. I felt better after this and had crumpets for tea, so on the whole I might have done much worse. So little can we tell what will be good for us before it happens. R. S. JAFFRAY

HERBERT WELLS

We stayed at a village in the Weald. One bright morning when all the superstishious fetishes of the ages flew before the ever-evolving cosmic scene, I met another boy who spoke posh. I think his epiglottic cartilage must have been enlarged. He said he was on hols from Eaton where he learnt Latin. I listened in fascinastion. He said come to the Lodge this afternoon and I will show you Virgil but I don't want to talk swotting on vac. Thus does our effect social system cast pearls of learning before unappreciative plutocrats.

That afternoon I tasted classical joys and as I left heard the butler say Master Algernon's friends seem distressingly of the people.

I went on to the chalk cliffs and spent two hours among our ancestors whose fosslised remains abound there. I found an exelent specimen of Echinocus Scutalis of the mid-Tertiary period which I annotated and added to my collection. D. R. PEDDY

CHESS: Whitsun Whimsies

No. 38

In between such serious business as some new subtlety of the Nimzo-Indian or some obsolete variation of the Grünfeld Defence—to say nothing of the problemist's pre-occupation with half-pin themes and pendulum-keys—even chess players have some fun. After a hard day's work at a Congress, cooped up at some holiday-resort, they might relax, playing such frivolous offshots of their game as "Loosing Chess," and if they find the quickest possible loss of all pieces too strenuous an effort, they might set them up again in all sorts of queer and more or less symbolic positions; or again they might swap stories such as this one.

An impecunious chess master was playing a millionaire for the stake of a thousand pounds. He said: "Mate next move" and was just about to make the move, when his excitement caused heart-failure and immediate death. In the general commotion the millionaire's K had been knocked off the table. But he could not remember his K's position, nor had he seen the impending mate. He was prepared to pay the £1,000 to the deceased master's family, if it could be proved where and how the Black K stood to be mated. Competitors please oblige.

A: A pad Bauer

B: Arpad Bauer

is mated on the move. Here too (in B) is a queer position, and most precarious for White. Worst of all, his K has been separated from his own forces. Driven to despair, the White monarch has smuggled himself into the enemy camp, shrewdly disguised as a Black P. Alas, he is discovered and forthwith court-martialled, i.e., he is the White K and how is the mate administered? Which one of the Black pawns

C: A. C. White

In C the Black K is mated in 12 moves. This is almost too easy for our competitors. And so is D where White commits suicide, as it were, by forcing Black to mate him in a matter of 5 moves. Since all this should be child's play, even for a Whitsun week-end, E is slightly more difficult. The Black King is to run the gauntlet, as it were, and he is to be mated by the White Pawn who is not permitted, though, to capture any of the enemy pawns. For well over fifty years—this being not exactly a new problem—the procedure was considered to take at least 14 moves. But K. Richter and others have found out that it can be done in a mere 8 moves.

D: R. Rubin, 1910

E: Author unknown

Usual prizes. Entries by June 5. Valuation:

A: 4 points
B: 5 „
C: 2 „
D: 3 „
E: 6 „

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set May 6

A: (1) P-R7ch, K-Kt2. (2) P queens ch, KxQ. (3) K-B7, R-B8ch. (4) B-B6ch, etc.

B: (1) Kt-Q3 ch, KxKt. (2) Kt-B5 ch, K-K4. (3) B-Q4ch/ KxB. (4) R-K6, etc.

The 83-year-old Eichstaedt study proved a tough nut. Scores of competitors, including some of the stalwarts, were tempted by B-Kt3 ch. Among the successful solvers, Eric Allan, J. R. Harman and J. M. Reid troubled to investigate *why* the plausible Bishop-check fails (through the timely promotion of a Kt). They share the prizes with J. H. Frankland, V. J. A. Russ and D. G. O'Sullivan. Other perfectly correct solutions came from Gerald Abrahams, A. Altschul, E. W. Beal, A. F. Blandford, A. W. Bowen, G. Instone, F. Jaeck, E. Mooncy, Rev. E. C. Mortimer, G. Smith, J. Anderson Stewart. In the "point-to-point race" the field is thinning out, the leading group being reduced from 52 to 14. But dozens of favourite starters are only a few points behind the maximum and still well in the running.

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ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq. W.2. Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

A PLEASANT residential hotel for business people, Garage. Tennis court, billiards, table tennis. Terms from £3 13s. 6d. partial board, full Sundays. 45/3 Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead. 'Phone HAM. 6516.

ATTRACTIVE s. & d. accomm. with partial board offered to prof. people in comfortable private guest house. Terms from 4½gns. incl. 'Phone: MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale, W.9.

LONDON. Prof. people seeking first-class accom. with service, breakfast & dinner, and many comforts and attractions, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., Kens., W.11; or 'phone PARK 6280.

JOURNALIST-Doctor couple have eminently lettable bed-sitting room, Blackheath. Cooker, C.H.W. 25s. to compatible single professional person, student. Box 6575.

LARGE bed-sitting-room with breakfast for gentleman in lady's comfortable flat. Central. Resident maid. Maida Vale 5985.

STONE house on cliff, N.W. Anglesey, to let June or October. Safe for small children, room 2 fam. 'Phone GIP. 2038.

BUNGALOW to let during holiday period, Cotsweolds. Accommodates four. Company's water, Calor gas. £4 4s. per week. Furnished. Payne, Whiterway, Nr. Stroud, Glos.

SNOWDONIA. Nant Francon. Cottage (3 bedrooms) to let furnished. Ideal walking, climbing holidays. 5gns. week August, other months 4gns. Hubbuck, 19 Wellgarth Rd., N.W.11.

SARK. Unusual holiday home for 6. Glorious cliff-top situation. Fully furnished. 4-6gns. per week. Box 6401.

EXCHANGE charming s.c. flat (unfurn.) near Harrods (large lvg.-room, bedroom, kit., bath), all elec., constant h.w. £295 p.a.; for grd. 1st-floor flat or cottage with 2 bedrooms, Kensington, Chelsea, Marylebone, not exceeding £175 p.a. Box 6370.

EXCH. lge. 1st flr. 3-rm (and k., b., w.c.) balcony flat, S.W.5, £150 p.a. inc., for equiv. accom. & gdn. H'stead. Box 7147.

NEW York. Progressive American student & English wife wish exchange small furn. Greenwich Village flat, mod. rent, constant h.w., c.h., frig., sunny outlook, for small flat London, furn./unfurn. Available August 3/4 years. Box 6170.

CIVIL Servant seeks unfurn. or semi-furn. 2 rooms or flatlet Central London: rent or exchange same accommodation Park Town, Oxford. From July. Box 6743.

MEMBER of N.S. & N. secretarial staff and M.Sc. grad., who want to marry in September, seek unfurn. flat, London area, at non-profiteer rent. Socialist sympathies, quiet tenants, out all day. Please help. Box 7057.

THREE-bedroomed house wanted to buy in Hampstead Garden Suburb. Box 6386.

WOMAN Civil Servant reqs. bed-sitting room with part. board, cent. or W. London, pref. Box 6777.

YOUNG Architect, shortly to be married, urgently needs unfurn. flat, 3 rooms, central. Box 6416.

WANTED: small flat in North London for young professional couple marrying in September. Moderate rent. Box 6430.

COUPLE marrying soon req. unfurn. accom. London area. Mod. rent. Box 6519.

HARVARD teacher and wife seek small furn. flat or house in/near London, Sept. 1-April 1, 1951, or Sept. only. H. H. Eckstein, 18 Shaler Lane, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.

COTTAGE desired on/nr. S. Coast for Aug. Primitivity no obstacle. Box 6562.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

CHARMING Cotswold stone cottage, situated on bus route between Evesham and Stratford-on-Avon. Three rooms, kitchen and garden. Completely renovated: main drainage, water, gas, electricity. Freehold with vacant possession. £1,250. Box 6302.

WOKING. 30 mins. London. Double-fronted det. family res. Spacious entrance hall, 6 beds., 3 rec. Good domestic arrangements. Large garage, gd. gdn., sheds, various fittings. Television included. Very adaptable; £5,250 freehold vac. poss. Purs. Woking 1438.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE—*continued*

SOUTH Coast, Bognor Regis. Private Hotel known as "Hanover," freehold, detached, central position, sea front close to Pier, consisting of 11 bedrooms all centrally heated, hot & cold all rooms, power points bath rooms, 3 toilets, lounge, dining-room seating 40 people, private sitting-room, all domestic offices, fully furnished, ready to take over complete with season's bookings as from June 1, 1950. Reason for selling: sickness. Price complete £7,000. Applications to: Proprietor, "Hanover," The Steyne, Bognor Regis.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

A BOMB Control—what next? The real choice between incentives for reconciling Russia and America are clearly presented for the first time in "Rider's Review" (Spring number now on sale). Panel of contributors on questions of Psychology, Western and Eastern Philosophy, the problem of Values, Extra-Sensory Perception, Psychical Research, Mysticism etc., includes Dr. James Drever, Bertrand Russell, Dr. R. H. Thouless, Prof. A. E. Heath, Olaf Stapledon, Dr. William Brown, C. E. M. Joad, Aldous Huxley, Editor, Philip Butler. 2s. 6d. quarterly from all bookstalls, or 10s. 6d. a year post free from Desk 22, Rider & Co., 47 Princes Gate, S.W.7.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc., 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

WHAT do Unitarians believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp. Mrs. Dickin, Hilltop, Park Rd. Bridport, Dorset.

KATHARINE Bruce Glasier—"The Glen Book"—"Secrets of Happy Life & Infinite Consolations", George Bernard Shaw. Hutchinsons, 5s., by post 5s. 3d. Proceeds to Margaret McMillan Memorial Fund, 90 Ebury St., S.W.1. Local Labour Parties invited to apply for quantities 3 doz./more at special rates.

SHAW Society: "Creative Evolution" by H. C. Duffin, revised by Shaw, 7d. incl. post. 43 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

"UNDER The Hammer"—New illustrated issue of this bulletin of auction prices and comment is now ready. Send for free copy. Phillips, Son & Neale, Auctioneers, 7 Blenheim St., W.1. MAYfair 2424.

BRITTEN Issue "Music Survey," now pub. 2s. 6d. from booksellers or pubrs. Newman Wolsey, Ltd., 4 Holborn Place, W.C.1.

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bought. Opposite Met. Stn., W.6. RIV. 6807.

SPANISH Bookshop. Instituto Español. 58 Princes Gate, S.W.7.

GERMAN books: Libris, 50 Harben Rd., London, N.W.6. Pri. 6996. Books bought.

BOOKS Bought. Libraries & smaller collections of interesting books on all subjects. K. J. Bredon's Bookshop (Second-hand dept.), 10 East St., Brighton (Tel. 22605).

DEUTSCHE Literatur wanted and offered by Continental Book Supply, 32A Chomley Park, London, N.6. Tel. MOUntview 1482—postal business.

WE will get that book you want. London Book Co., 82B Seven Sisters Rd., N.15.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Soriner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7934.

SCHOOLS

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

BROOKLANDS. Crowborough 299. Pre-D Prep. Nursery School. All year home. Sound Education and Training. Health excellent.

ODAM Hill School, a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Engs., particularly from parents abroad. R. A. Palmer and Mrs. Palmer, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

REDCLIFFE Nursery and Pre-preparatory School. Children 5-9 welcome week-ends/holidays throughout the year. Country estate, Surrey. 3rd season summer camp—July, Aug., Sept. All outdoor activities including riding and swimming; nature study, crafts, Froebel staff. Particulars and bookings: The Principal, Mrs. E. D. Collins, 47 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10. FLAxman 0489.

ST. MARY'S Town and Country School. Day School, 38 Eton Ave., Hampst. Boarders: Stanford Park, nr. Rugby. Exchange poss. Own swimming, boating. Prog. Co-ed. 5-18. Henry & Eliz. Paul, Ph.D.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A progressive day school for boys and girls 5-14. Directors: John A. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

THE New School, King's Langley, Herts. Non-profit-making Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 3 to 18. Based on Rudolf Steiner principles. Its aim is to enable children to face life with initiative and courage and with a well-balanced cultural background. Prospectus from Secretary. (Tel. K.L.3505.)

WALDORF School, Hampstead, private day school for boys and girls, 4 to 18. At present children up to 10 years. Rudolf Steiner methods. HAM. 4021.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

VICTORIA University College, Wellington, New Zealand: Applications are invited for the Chair of Philosophy. Salary £1,300 per annum (New Zealand currency). Allowances are made for travelling and removal expenses. Further particulars and information as to method of application are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for the receipt of applications is July 31, 1950.

THE University of Sydney. Senior Lectureship in Modern History. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Modern History. The salary range is £750–£1,000 (Australian) per annum to which is added cost of living adjustment (at present £65 males, £35 females). The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience. The successful applicant will be required to commence duties as soon as possible after October 1, 1950. Applications, supported by copies of testimonials and giving the names of three referees, should reach the undersigned by June 30, 1950. Further information may be obtained on application to the Secretary, the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. W. H. Maze, Registrar, University of Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the following posts: (i) Senior Research Assistantships in Social Studies at a salary of £450 per annum. The appointments will be for two years with the possibility of renewal. (ii) Junior Research Assistantships in Social Studies at a salary of £250 per annum. The appointments will be for one year with the possibility of renewal. Applicants should be graduates in History or Economics or Sociology or Political Science or Philosophy or Psychology. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications must be received not later than June 17, 1950.

THE University of Manchester. Ashburne Hall of Residence for Women Students. Applications are invited from graduates for the post of Tutor (Warden) of the Mary Worthington Wing, Ashburne Hall. Salary £100 per annum, together with board and residence. Duties to begin on September 29, 1950. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, to whom all applications should be sent by June 5, 1950.

BBC. invites applications for post of Research Psychologist in the Listener Research Department. First-class Honours or higher degree in Psychology essential, and Associateship of the British Psychological Society desirable. Experience in the field of the social sciences would be a useful qualification. The appointment is temporary and the engagement will not exceed three years in the first instance. Salary according to training and experience within the range of £600–£1,000 per annum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days marked "Research Psychologist, N. Stm." For acknowledgment enclose stamped addressed envelope.

BBC. invites applications for posts as Report Writers in the Monitoring Service. Necessary qualifications include a wide knowledge of, and interest in, world affairs and ability to prepare and edit for publication analyses of broadcasts intercepted from all parts of the world, in particular the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, the Middle East, the Far East and Western Europe. Successful candidates may be required to undertake periods of service abroad. The salary is in a grade rising by annual increments of £45 to a maximum of £995 per annum, but the possibility of early promotion exists for candidates with exceptional qualifications. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Report Writers, N. Stm." For acknowledgment enclosed stamped add. env.

BBC. invites applications for post of Education Officer in the Yorkshire Division. Duties will involve travelling in the area to visit schools and to hold meetings and discussions with teachers and with Educational bodies. General educational experience of as varied a nature as possible is desirable. This should include experience of teaching in school and of further education and a good knowledge of the educational system. Starting salary £610 per annum (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by £42 per annum to £890 maximum. Applications must be made on the prescribed form which, together with further details of the post and information on the superannuation position of teachers serving with the B.B.C., can be obtained from Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. For reply enclose stamped addressed envelope. Closing date for receipt of completed applic. forms is 2 weeks from date of this insertion. Envelopes should be marked "Education—Leeds, N. Stm."

APPLICATIONS invited for an Area Organizer to work from Manchester and be responsible for organisation and administration in Northern England. Salary £488 per annum, rising by two increments of 10s. per week and one increment of £1 per week to £572 per annum. Official application form can be obtained from the General Secretary, Association of Supervisory Staffs, Executives & Technicians, 120 Park St., London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SOUTHERN Rhodesia Government: Vacancy: Senior Professional Officer: Department of Statistics. Applications are invited for the post of a Senior Professional Officer in the Department of Statistics. Applicants must have obtained a degree with first- or second-class honours (or equivalent qualifications) in Statistics, or in Mathematics, Economics or other appropriate main subjects with Statistics, at an Institution of University rank, or having obtained a degree with first- or second-class honours (or equivalent qualifications) in Mathematics, Economics, or other appropriate subject, must have been employed on statistical work. Higher degrees in specialised statistical subjects will also be considered. Present regulations require a "specialised degree normally involving a four-year course at a University or a specialised honours degree at a University involving four years' full-time post matriculation study and training." Candidates will be expected to possess wide statistical experience, preferably extending over a period of at least ten years. The salary scale will be £1,406 × £66 to £1,538 per annum. A cost of living allowance of approximately £124 per year is at present paid. A children's allowance of £25 per annum for the first child and £18 per annum for each subsequent child is paid. Application forms and further information may be obtained from the Secretary to the High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, 429 Strand, London, W.C.2, to whom completed forms should be returned not later than June 10, 1950. When applying please quote reference 600 93A/2. Canvassing will disqualify.

SENIOR Branch of the Foreign Service. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for not more than four posts in Grade 7 (First Secretary/Consul) of the Senior Branch of the Foreign Service. Candidates must be at least 32 and under 42 years of age on August 1, 1950. Recruitment is normally from University graduates, but other candidates of good education will be considered. They will be expected to have a sound knowledge of international problems and to have experience of administrative or other work of a responsible nature, which in the Commissioners' opinion renders them suitable for the Senior Branch of the Foreign Service. They must also possess a competent knowledge of at least one foreign language. Though there are not specialist posts, there is particular need of candidates with a knowledge of Chinese, Burmese, Siamese, or Arabic. Candidates may be required to undergo an oral test. Salary scale £950 × £30—£1,100 × £35—£1,240 (men); £830 × £30—£1,055 (women). Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 3071; completed application forms must reach him by June 6, 1950.

SUDAN Government. Mathematics Inspector. The Ministry of Education requires a Mathematics Inspector aged 23 to 40 for service in the Sudan. Duties consist of taking charge of Mathematics at the Institute of Education. Candidates should hold a University degree including mathematics as a main subject. Teaching diploma essential and experience desirable. Science or music useful as subsidiary subjects. Appointment will be on short service terms contract for period not exceeding six years, the first two years of which will be a period of probation. Salary scale ranges from £E.500 per annum to £E.1,150 per annum. Commencing salary will be determined according to age, qualifications, and experience, but will not exceed £E.1,065 per annum. Cost of living allowance from £E.180 to £E.390 per annum according to number of dependents is at present payable. Outfit allowance of £E.60 is payable if commencing salary does not exceed £E.800 per annum. There is at present no Income Tax in the Sudan. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Sudan Agent in London, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1. Please mark envelopes "Mathematics Inspector."

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments as Assistant Experimental Officer to be filled by competitive interview during 1950. Interviews will be held throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1950, may eventually be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Successful candidates may expect early appointments. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide variety of scientific (including engineering) qualifications. Places of work are spread throughout Great Britain. Candidates must be at least 17½ years and under 26 years of age (or under 31 for established Civil Servants of the Assistant (Scientific) Class) on August 1, 1950; time spent on a regular engagement in H.M. Forces may be deducted from actual age. Candidates must have obtained the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or an equivalent qualification; but candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Higher qualifications will be regarded as an advantage to candidates over the age of 20. The inclusive London salary scale (men) is £210–£490. Salaries for women and for posts in the provinces are somewhat lower. Superannuation provision is made under the Superannuation Act. Further particulars and forms of application from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 7th Floor, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3068. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for appointments as Senior Scientific Officer and Scientific Officer to be filled by competitive interview during 1950. Interviews began in January and will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1950, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a university degree in a scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics with first- or second-class honours, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer posts taking their degrees in 1950 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age limits: For Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on August 1, 1950; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for established civil servants of the Experimental Officer class) on August 1, 1950. Salary scales for men in London: Senior Scientific Officers, £700 × £25—£900; Scientific Officers £400 × £25—£650. Rates for women are somewhat lower. Further particulars from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission (Scientific Branch), 7th Floor, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St. London, W.1 quoting No. 2887.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for 3 posts of Assistant Keeper (Class II) at the Victoria and Albert Museum. One post is in the Library and one in the Department of Ceramics. Applicants must be at least 22 and under 26 years of age on January 1, 1950, with an extension of the upper age limit for service in an established situation in the Civil Service and in certain instances in the Forces. Older candidates may also be considered if they are exceptionally well qualified. Salary scales: (Men) £310 × £25—£600; (women) £310 × £20—£500. Starting pay may be increased in respect of approved post-graduate experience, and in certain cases for service with the Forces. Class II is regarded as the training grade for the Higher Technical Staff. Entrants may normally expect promotion to Class I (salary for men £700–£1,100) within about seven years. In general candidates should possess a good university Honours degree or other equivalent qualification. Some knowledge of the history of art and a knowledge of at least one foreign language are desirable. The Victoria and Albert Museum is a Museum of Fine and Applied Art and qualifications in Science alone would not be a recommendation for posts in it. For the post in the Library candidates should understand the principles of bibliography and have a knowledge of European languages. Particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 3064; completed application forms must be received by him by June 15, 1950.

ASSISTANT Commissioners, National Savings Committee. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for approximately 20 pensionable posts of Assistant Commissioner in the National Savings Committee. Candidates must be at least 25 years of age on April 1, 1950, but candidates at least 21 and under 25 years of age on that date may be admitted if they have exceptionally suitable qualifications. A University education and a knowledge of economics are desirable. Experience of public speaking, supervision of office procedure, and organisation of work with the public, will be an advantage. Salary scale in London: £390 (at age 21) × £20—£450 × £25—£600 (at age 25) × £370 (at age 25) × £15—£450 × £20—£675 for women. Starting pay reduced by £25 (men) and £20 (women) for each year of age below 25. The salary scale in the Provinces is somewhat lower. Particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 3085; completed application forms must be received by him by June 22, 1950.

LONDON County Council. Youth Employment Service. Applications are invited for a position of Assistant Youth Employment Officer (salary £240 × £20—£300 × £25—£550). In exceptional circumstances a commencing salary approaching the maximum may be authorised. The immediate vacancy is at Hammersmith but applicants may be considered should other London vacancies arise in the near future. Candidates should have experience of youth employment or similar work or of local government generally. The appointment will be within the general major establishment (administrative) service of the Council and a successful candidate will be eligible for consideration for such promotion as is available for major establishment staff. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary) may be obtained from the Education Officer (EO. Estab. 2), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, and must be returned not later than June 9, 1950. Canvassing disqualifies.

ASSISTANT Secretary required by British Actors' Equity Association; duties mainly administrative, with some negotiating and legal problems; starting salary £600–£700 per annum depending on qualifications; theatrical, legal and trade union experience an advantage but not essential. Applications should be addressed to the General Secretary, British Equity, 56 Kingsway, London, W.C.2, and marked "Assistant Secretary."

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

METROPOLITAN Borough of Finsbury. Director of Housing. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Director of Housing at a salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T.X. of the National Scales, viz., £850—£50—£1,000 plus £30 London Weighting. Applicants must have extensive experience in management of housing properties and must possess organising and administrative ability. The appointment will be subject generally to the National Joint Council Conditions of Service, to the successful passing of a medical examination, and to the provisions of the Council's Superannuation Scheme. Applications, giving details of experience and qualifications, together with copies of three recent testimonials and endorsed "Director of Housing," must reach me not later than June 7, 1950. Canvassing in any form will disqualify. John E. Fishwick, Town Clerk, Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1.

WORCESTERSHIRE Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant County Inspector of schools. Candidates (men or women) should be able to assist teachers generally in junior schools and also have experience or qualification in some special field, for example, craftwork. Salary will be within the scale £585 × £20—£680, starting salary according to experience and qualifications. Applications in response to an earlier advertisement are still under consideration, and new candidates should write to the Director of Education, Castle St., Worcester, for a form of application. (H79)

COUNTY Borough of Brighton. Brighton Education Committee. Applications invited for appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker. Salary in accordance with the recommendations of the Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs). Initial salary within the scale according to experience. The appointment is superannuable. The Psychiatric Social Worker will be required to devote two-thirds of her time to Child Guidance work under the Education Committee and one-third to adult cases under the Brighton and Lewes Hospital Management Committee. Training and experience in child guidance methods essential, together with an interest in the development of psychiatric social work in relation to adult psychotherapy. The appointed candidate will work at the Hone Clinic, Princes Street, Brighton, a newly organised department where special accommodation and facilities are available. Relationship with any member of the Borough Council or with any holder of a senior post under the Council must be disclosed. Canvassing directly or indirectly will disqualify. Applications to be sent to the Education Officer, 54 Old Steine, Brighton, within two weeks from appearance of advertisement. J. G. Drew, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Brighton.

THE National Foundation for Educational Research in England and Wales, 79, Wimpole Street, London, W.1. Applications are invited for the new appointment of Assistant Technical Officer in the Tests Division of the Foundation. Candidates should be graduates in Arts, with preferably an Honours degree, and should have had teaching experience. Some experience in Primary Schools would be an asset. The post requires a knowledge of the methods used in test construction and, in addition, some general acquaintance with the whole field of mental testing. The duties will be mainly concerned with the production of Tests of Attainment in school subjects. Commencing salary in the region of £600 per annum. Superannuable post. Further details of the appointment and conditions of service may be obtained from Ben. S. Morris, Director.

CANTERBURY Education Committee. College of Art. School of Architecture. Required as soon as possible a full-time Studio Master for work in connection with Finals Course. The College is approved by the R.I.B.A. as a Listed School. Candidates must be Associates or Fellows of the R.I.B.A., preferably school trained and with some professional experience in Architecture. Previous teaching experience is desirable but not essential. Salary in accordance with Burnham Scale. Up to ten increments may be allowed for suitable professional experience. Applications, giving full particulars training, qualifications and experience, should be sent to the Principal as soon as possible. N. Polmear, Chief Education Officer, 78 London Rd., Canterbury.

HOSPITAL Management Committee for St. Francis and the Lady Chichester Hospitals. The Lady Chichester Hospital, Aldrington House, New Church Road, Hove, Sussex. (For the Treatment and Rehabilitation of Early Nervous Disorders of Men, Women and Children.) Psychiatric Social Worker required. Salary in accordance with the National Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs) Reports, viz., £370 per annum–£430 per annum. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics or any other approved certificate. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, should be forwarded as soon as possible to the undersigned. W. E. Mitchell, Secretary, St. Francis Hospital, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

MATRON required for Infants' (5 to 7) Home, Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Applicants should be qualified and experienced in child care with ability to control staff. Salary not less than £225 p.a. with full emoluments. Apply in writing to Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd. S.W.16, giving full particulars of career.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BRITISH Transport Commission. Applications are invited for the post of Woman Editorial Assistant in the Publicity Division of the Chief Public Relations and Publicity Officer's Department of the Commission at 55 Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1. The duties embrace reading proofs, re-writing material supplied, verifying references and library research. The Assistant would be expected to assimilate and collate information about all branches of the Commission's undertaking. Commencing salary is from £154 to £250 per week. A university degree would be an advantage. Applications, stating date of birth, qualifications, previous experience, present post and salary, together with any other relevant information, should be sent to the Principal Staff Officer, British Transport Commission, 55 Broadway, London, S.W.1, to arrive not later than June 9, 1950. The selected candidate will, where eligible, be required to join a Contributory Superannuation Scheme, and in this respect to comply with whatever provisions are decided upon later for the staff of the Commission as a whole.

WEST Sussex County Council. Children's Committee. Deprived children. Applications are invited from women interested in the special needs of children separated from their homes for the position of Assistant House Mother at Littlegreen, the Council's Home for related children at Compton, 12 miles from Chichester. Applicants should be ready to take charge of a group of about 10 children, have initiative and imagination in the planning of activities and interested in the building up of a happy, non-institutional atmosphere. Salary £247 per annum, less £60 deducted for board and lodging. Good holidays. Applications from those with children not, unfortunately, acceptable. Forms of application and further particulars obtainable from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester. Closing date one week after the appearance of this advertisement. T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council.

EDUCATION Officer required by Pontypool Educational Settlement. Salary £450 p.a. Exper. in Adult Education essential. Further partics. and application form from: Warden, Pontypool Educational Settlement, Rockhill Rd. Pontypool, Mon. Closing date June 10.

NORFOLK. Runton Hill School, West Runton, Cromer. Wanted in September, two Mistresses for small boarding school (recognised by Ministry of Education, Burnham Scale, superannuation). (1) English to University Entrance, (2) Mathematics, preferably with Physics or Chemistry (good laboratory). Small classes. No supervision duties. Separate staff accom. Apply Miss Robson, Runton Hill, West Runton, Norfolk.

QUEEN Elizabeth's Grammar School for Girls, Mansfield. Wanted, September: (1) Science Specialist (woman or man); one qualified to take Sixth Form Physics preferred but other Science qualifications considered. (2) Mistress qualified to share History teaching (Examination work to graduate) and help with other subjects, preferably Scripture, first year Mathematics (or Arithmetic), or elementary Science. Apply, stating qualifications, experience and age, with 2 recent testimonials, to Head Mistress.

HOUSE Mistress required at Red Hatch Remand Home for Girls, Winchester. Should be genuinely interested in adolescent girls and their leisure activities, and be able to supervise generally. The Home is pleasantly situated within 10 minutes' walk of the shopping centre. Salary £240 × £12 to a maximum of £280 p.a., less a deduction of £78 p.a. in respect of full board. Application form may be obtained from The County Children's Officer, 2 Clifton Terrace, Winchester. Amicia Carroll, County Children's Officer.

NORTH Middlesex Hospital, Edmonton, N.18. Medical Secretary (woman) required, for consultants' letters and general routine of medical director's office; must be experienced shorthand typist, of good education, ability to use dictaphone an advantage. Age 21-32. Salary grade: N.H.S. General Division £178 at 21 to £308 at 32 p.a., plus London Weighting, according to age. Subject to med. exam. and superannuation. Applications, stating age and exper., with testimonials and/or names of referees, to Secretary of Hospital, within one week of this advertisement.

ASSISTANT Warden (woman) wanted for club centre in St. Pancras. Girls & mixed work. Full or part-time. State experience and salary required. Apply by letter only to The Secretary, Magdalen Club House, 5 Randolph Crescent, W.9.

VOLUNTARY organisation with many interests requires intelligent young woman to organise and supervise Addressograph and duplicating office, with two assistants on machines. Office near Baker Street. Salary about £325. Box 6925.

LADY Bookkeeper required for Toynbee Hall. Knowledge of Social Work and Adult Education an advantage. Write, enclosing copies of 3 refs., to: Sub-Warden, Toynbee Hall, E.1.

EFFICIENT Secretary, English and German shorthand, good salary, desired for West End office. Applications: Box 6705.

WELL-known Publishers of Art Books require for their Editorial Department (South Kensington) a young lady as shorthand-typist. 5-day week. Please write, giving particulars of education, experience, age, salary required, to Box 7087.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SHORTHAND-Typist wanted for new offices in Central London by Members' Association and subsidiary organisations. Really interesting post for efficient and speedy worker. Salary by arrangement. Letters only: Box 6924.

QUALIFIED secretary urgently required for interesting literary work. Telephone for appointment, HOL. 5837.

TWO house-workers needed for International Children's Home in Surrey. Would suit friends, or mother and daughter, but appointments could be fitted singly. Box 7007.

LAKE Dist.: Cook, or cook and friend wanted for small private hotel June-Sept. or half this period. Catering exp. not essen. Emerald Bank, Newlands, Keswick.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

FRENCH, German specialist, enthusiastic with wide interests, free to accept post September, preferably in progressive co-educational school. High cultural and moral ideals, believing in a natural and happy upbringing of children. Subsidiary Nature Study, Art and History of Art. Box 6300.

YOUNG man, 29, seeks interesting occupation. Previously: High-class hotel chef, restaurant manager, asst. warden old people's home, children's home's housefather, with some farming exp. Wife fully qualified teacher, high school exp., interested music, art, literature, 3 yr.-old son. Box 6301.

FRENCH Swiss (man), 28, married, Ph.D. Zurich Univ., French, English, German, experienced in publishing, secretarial and research work, teaching, translating, driving licence, stifled by Swiss immobility, seeks interesting progressive responsible post in England. Write: P. de Coulon, Boudry, Switzerland.

WOMAN, 26, fluent English, French, German, Rumanian, Hungarian; writing ability, long secretarial experience, own typewriter, seeks interesting work. Box 6440.

WOMAN artist designer reqs. job nr. London. Anything considered. Box 6431.

MEMBER of staff at Transport House, engaged in research, policy and Committee work, young, with high qualifications in social studies, seeks change. Box 6430.

GRAD. schoolmaster, 30, free July-Sept., seeks work. Anything. Refs. Box 6400.

EXPERIENCED Secretary, spinster, 35, good personality, 6 years Middle East, seeks responsible post London, T.U., political, educational pref. Box 6377.

GREEK lady, speaking English and French, seeks interesting holiday post. Good with children. Box 7006.

TRAINED Nursery-Junior school teacher, with long exp. of both normal and maladjusted or backward children and special interest in children with psychological difficulties, wants long-term daily work with one or more children while taking specialised part-time training. Apply Box 6729.

FELLOWSHIPS & SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of Oxford. The Queen's College. Research Fellowship. The Governing Body proposes, if a suitable candidate presents himself, to elect early in the Long Vacation a Junior Research Fellow in either one of the Biological Sciences or one of the Physical Sciences (including Mathematics). The Fellowship is of the value of £400 per annum with the possibility of increment, carries with it the right to free rooms and dinners, and is pensionable under the Federated Superannuation System for Universities. It will be tenable for three years in the first instance. A Fellow may, with the leave of the Governing Body, engage in teaching up to a maximum of six hours weekly. Candidates should apply to the Provost, The Queen's College, not later than Sat., June 3, 1950, stating their qualifications and the names of not more than three persons prepared to act as referees.

SALZBURG Seminar in American Studies. The Seminar at Schloss Leopoldskron, Salzburg, Austria, July 12-August 23, 1950. Scholarships offered in American Literature, History and Philosophy and Art, in Sociology, Psychology, Economics, Government and Spoken English. Candidates must have a record of achievement in one of these fields of study: preference is given to those who teach, who have entered public life or who are actively engaged in creative work, and to advanced students who are preparing for one of these careers. Apply immediately to: International Student Service, 59 Gloucester Place, London, W.1, from whom further information and application forms may be obtained.

PERSONAL

LIVERPOOL: Elderly lady will share small house Liverpool suburb in return for companionship & some household help. Box 6342.

PROGRESSIVE Nursery Governess 25-40 reqd. for 2 children aged six and three. London, S.W.1 area. Live in. Excellent conditions. Please apply Box 6358.

EXCHANGE London flat for country or coast, holidays/week-ends, etc. Box 6411.

CONSULTANT editor/writer, London, undertaking the layout, presentation, typography, editing and printing of publicity literature invites inquiries from Industrial Authorities, Societies, or business organisations for the production of informative publications. Box 6631.

PERSONAL—continued

NEWLY decorated semi-furnished workroom to let in Central London, 17ft. × 12ft. Suitable for writer, artist or similar quiet worker. May be used as bedroom on odd nights but not as permanent living quarters. Rent 50s. per week. Box 6321.

LITERARY, Antiquarian and Kindred Societies. Accom. to let in historic XVIth century building, North London, within two miles of the City. Panelled board-room and lecture hall available. Moderate rent to suitable tenant, but not commercial. Box 6454.

LONDON business executive desires interesting social work, 2/3 evenings weekly, with or without remuneration. Box 6500.

L.S.E. Student seeks job giving money and/or interest, July-Sept. Any suggestions? Box 6783.

ACTORS, Actresses—experienced to completely inexperienced—welcomed by Saint Bride Players, St. Bride Institute, Bride Lane, E.C.4. Secretary: TUDor 6077.

GERMAN conversation wanted by London man intd. music & literature. Box 6327.

INCOME Tax/Accountancy problems? Refer them to L. W. Jones, 15 Nassington Rd. N.W.3. Hampstead 6666.

AUSTRIA. Dr. Gerstenberger's German & Summer Course—individual tuition. Private villa mountain lake, July 31-Aug. 20. Interviews London. Box 6365.

YOUNG Schoolmaster seeks work abroad August. Box 6368.

SUMMER Holiday for children at Eastbourne under ideal conditions, organised by C. Rackett, 8 South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex.

FOREST School Camps for boys and girls aged 6½ to 18. Aug. 9 to Sept. 6, 1950. *Trained staff.* Apply A. R. Cobb, 38 Bacton Rd. Cambridge.

HOLIDAYS for Boys in beautiful French countryside. Optional tuition languages and other subjects. 400 frs. per day. June-Oct. Immediate booking essential. Prof. Deyse, Intres (Ardèche), France.

WE photograph your children as they play, at home or studio, and everyone enjoys it. John Hollis, 9 Heath St., N.W.3. HAM. 3808.

IMPECUNIOUS but aesthetic? Write catalogue good, cheap, antique furniture: Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex.

HALL for hire, Leicester Sq. WHI. 3678. Assoc. meetings, socials and dances, etc.

SAILING and Camping Holiday with tuition, South Devon, August-September. Write 44 Willian Way, Letchworth.

STATE Registered Nurse offers hospitality with extra care for the aged or for those in need of convalescence, in an exceptionally beautiful house. Central heating. Telephones. Garden. Hampstead 2282.

VOCATIONAL guidance; marriage guidance; character delineation. Uncertain about your future? Consult J. N. Naylor, 74 George St., W.1. WEL. 5182.

RUSSIAN, German, French by professional teacher. Oral and post. Next, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with improved Vocabulet cards. 6d. a set from Instantaneous Company, 38 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

IF you can write a good letter, you can make money by writing for the Press. Send for Secrets of Successful Writing, free, Premier School of Journalism, 95 Premier House, 53 Fleet St., London, E.C.4.

AUSTRIAN Salzkammergut. A few vacancies for gentlemen in private inland party Aug. 13-26. £28 incl. Dr. Beer, Norwood Technical College, S.E.27.

WEEK-END and Summer house parties, continental company, in England, France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Scandinavia, also Corsica and Majorca. Cruises in luxury yacht off English and French coasts and to Paris. Also individual rail and hotel reservations. Write/'phone for details. Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831.

THE National Union of Students Travel Department, has pleasure in announcing its biggest programme of summer tours since the war. Tours to Europe's great Festival centres (Salzburg, Lucerne, Edinburgh, Oberammergau), riding, sailing, walking, climbing and lazing, from Helsinki to Lisbon, from Paris to Vienna. Also study tours of the U.S.A. Tour fares from £12 upwards. Many tours include air travel without increase over 3rd-class rail fares. Further details from N.U.S. Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

AUSTRIAN and French holidays: join a small informal party, young professional people Austrian Tyrol, June 17 or July 1, also "Austrian house-party" near Kitzbuehel, July 14-August 19, at very reasonable cost (from £25). Visit Roman France, August 19, by private motor coach. Details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

PERSONAL—continued

STUDENTS wanting to travel to Israel during the Summer Vacation for educational purposes are advised to contact immediately the I.U.J.F., 2 Bentinck Close, N.W.8, for extremely beneficial travel advice.

THE World Union of Jewish Students announce the Second International Work Camp to be held in Israel during the Summer Vacation. Participants will live on Communal Settlements and there will be extensive tours of Israel. There are still a limited number of places available to all students. Immediate application must be made to the I.U.J.F., 2 Bentinck Close, London, N.W.8.

ABSOLUTELY all-in fully conducted holidays in Austria, Balearics, France, Switzerland, from 33gns. Apply Remitours, 5c Northey Ave., Cheam, Surrey. (VIG. 0401.)

VIENNA. 1 or 2 paying guests accepted in family. Garden-flat best neighbourhood. £4 4s. p.w. F. Konrad, Wien 19, Silberg. 42.

A DISCOVERY for a Wonderful Holiday! On Lake Constance—Bregenz, in Austria; beautiful resort, excursions to Switzerland, Germany & Austrian Alps. 14-day inclusive holidays—"first-class" or party, £26 7s. 6d. only. Incl. fares, reserved seats, hotel/full board. Book very early to secure accommodation. Also: Tyrol and other mountain resorts, 14 days from 23gns. A week in Paris £18 7s. 6d. Riviera 10 days £29 10s. Rome 8 days £25. Week in Ostend £7 12s. Coach tours, etc. Free brochures from Bridge Tours (N.S.C.), 33 Haymarket, London, S.W.1 (WHI. 5527).

TWO full weeks in Corsica, holiday camp in pines by the sea, £28 10s., travel included; or Italy £31 10s. inclusive. For details ring Club Olympique de Paris, HOL. 4846, or write Pomfrey & Partners Ltd. 22 Bury Pl., W.C.1.

A WEEK in Paris. Selected hotels and a delightful programme. Small parties from London at inclusive charges. Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. HOLborn 4846.

OBERAMMERGAU. Lexin Ling has arranged two most attractive coach tours especially to include the Passion Play (best seats), motoring thro' Rhineland, Bavarian Alps, Black Forest. Conducted throughout. No Night Travel. (A) 9 days—34gns. (Vacs. June 10, 17, 24. July 8, Aug. 26, onwards.) (B) 15 days—42gns. with week's stay at lovely Waldschenese (few vacs. Aug. 26 only). Also 13 days Rhineland, Black Forest and Lake Constance, 32gns. Departures every Sat. Apply: Leslie Ling's Private Tours, 34 Victoria St., London, S.W.1. (ABBey 2596.)

IF you want a Continental holiday, not organised for the masses but individually arranged for you—book now for 1950. All European countries. Business & Holiday Travel, *Ltd.*, 111 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. WHItehall 4114/5.

OUR Summer Programme contains details of over 125 tours to Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Portugal, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Scotland, Switzerland and U.S.A., specially designed to cater for students' tastes and pockets. Tour fees ranging from £12, many of which include air travel without increase over third-class rail fare. International work schemes in Scandinavia, Holland, Switzerland and Yugoslavia. Student exchange schemes. National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

OBERAMMERGAU & Austrian Tyrol £27. Italian Lakes £35. Brittany Coast £19 18s. All inclusive 15-day holidays. Always, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Tem. 2702.

SPAIN. 15-day motor tour Paris, Tarn Gorge, Carcassonne, Barcelona, Costa Brava (3-day stay), also rail direct to Barcelona & Costa Brava (2-week stay), lovely sunny. For the lazy, unconventional & gay prepared to risk meeting foreigners when abroad. Continental Club Tours, 19 Woburn Sq. W.C.1.

PLACES available in private car going Continent tour. Share expenses basis. Send for details of new plan. Contours, Ltd., 72 Newman St., London, W.1. MUS. 8490.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau, 7-day service, plays, novels, theses. Efficient work by intelligent typists. 1 Northcote House, Heath St., N.W.3. HAM. 3527.

EXPERT Duplicating, every variety. Mabel Flyter, 395 Hornsey Rd. N.19. ARC. 1765.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 14 Denmark St., W.C.2. TEM. 5230 and FRE. 8640.

MILDRED Furst Typewriting Service. Careful work by expert typists. Personal supervision. Moderate terms. Special checking service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAIda Vale 7479.

AUTHORS! MSS. and plays swiftly and accurately typed. Attractive presentation. Rothbone Secretariat, 3 Rothbone St., W.1. Museum 6025.

LITERARY typing, 7 day service all MSS. (4-day emergency service for urgent work.) Dictating machine service. Duplicating, indexing, editing, proof reading, cataloguing, etc. Translns. (all languages). Qualified Secretaries at short notice. Secretarial Assists, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831/Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 13555.

RANK Secretarial Service: MSS. accurately typed. Novels, theses 7 days. Careful checking. Duplcty. Transls. all langs. Med. terms. 4 Queensborough Terrace, W.2. BAY. 8600.

ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable through principal agents or Box Office, Memorial Theatre.

MERCURY, Park 5700. From May 30 "Stratton," by Ronald Duncan.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7.0. Sat. & Sun, 5 & 8. Cilli Wang. Members.

UNITY, "Hell is What you Make It." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. BUS. 5391. Ass. Mem. 2s. 6d.

TORCH Theatre Club, SLOane 4424. Frank Marcus presents his Comedy "Minuet for Stuffed Birds," from May 30-June 4, 7.45 p.m.

THE Theatre Club, Crouch Hill, N.8. "The Eagle has Two Heads," from Wed., May 31, to Sat., June 10 inclus. Mems. only.

PLAYERS' Theatre, Villiers St., W.C.2. "Late Joys" nightly. Members.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244. Sun., May 28, 7.30: "Nuit de Decembre" (U).

AUSTRIAN Evening on June 1. Are you planning an Austrian holiday? You will get a foretaste if you come to a private show of films recently taken in Austria; also Travel Forum on "Holidays in Austria," accordion music and yodelling. Entrance free but by ticket only. Full details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

FOR A.I.A. members & friends. Films on Van Gogh, Memling, Matisse and others. Followed by Social. At Asian Inst. Galleries, Leics. Sq. 7 p.m. Thrs., June 1. Thts. 3s. 6d. from Secy., A.I.A., 15 Lisle St., W.C.2.

ASIAN Inst., Irving St., Leics. Sq. "Song of Ceylon." Advance bookings only. Mems. & guests. Assoc. membship. 5s. WHI. 3678.

CONCERT in aid of Y.W.C.A. H.R.H. Princess Margaret will receive purses for the Y.W.C.A. 95th Birthday Royal Albert Hall, Fri., June 2, at 7.30. Beethoven Programme. Myra Hess. London Philharmonic Orchestra. Eduard van Beinum. Tickets: 12s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. from Hall (Ken. 8212), usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

IDA Haendel. Royal Albert Hall, next Wed. evening at 7.30. Only London recital. Piano: Hubert Greenslade. Tickets 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. R.A.H. (Ken. 8212). All agents and Lynford-Joel Promotions, Ltd., 17 Cavendish Square, W.1. (Lan. 3591.)

GREGORY Pearson Concert Society. Sat., June 3, 8.30. A concert of rare and intimate Mozart, including 3 unperformed works. Director: Karl Haas. Artists: J. Whitehead, W. Lear, G. de Peyer, C. James. Adm. by programme only. 4s. obtainable 10 South Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 0360 or 7638.

COMMITTEE for the Promotion of New Music presents a Concert of New Italian Music at Salle Erard, 18 Gt. Marlborough St., W.1. On May 30, at 6.30 p.m. Artists: L.S.O. Chamber Ensemble, Emanuel Hurwitz, Joyce Riddell. Chairman: Sydney Harrison. Admission 1s., or by Subscription Card.

EXHIBITIONS

TATE Gallery. William Rothenstein Memorial Exhibition. Week-days 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. Adm. free.

CHRISTIAN Berard, Paintings and decors. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till June 17. Mon.-Sat. 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8). Adm. 1s. Closed Whit Monday.

PAUL Maze Watercolours. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1. Marlborough, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Oils by Pic and Potworowski.

SCOTTISH Crafts. Tweeds, Tartans, Silverware, Pottery, Basketwork and a selection of Edinburgh Tapestries. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

BERTHE Morisot. Arts Council exhibition of Paintings and Drawings. Matthiesson Gallery, 142 New Bond St., W.1. Open till June 17. Mon.-Fri., 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Adm. 1s. Closed Whit Monday.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Degas, Paintings, Sculpture, Pastels. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ARTISTS International Assn. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. Hand-printed furnishing, dress fabrics by Bocquet & Freeman. May 22-June 3. Daily 11-6. Sats. incl.

ROYAL Society of British Artists. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Summer Exhibition. Including works by the late Ethel Gabain, R.B.A., 10-5. Adm. 1s.

ST. George's Gallery, 81 Grosvenor St., W.1. Spring Exhibition. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

ASIAN Institute Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Khin Maung's Burma Landscapes and other Paintings. Until June 3.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. "Painters' Progress," open daily 11-6, Sundays 2-6, closed Mondays.

STANLEY Spencer: Recent Paintings, including four of "The Resurrection" series; 9.30 to 6, Sat. 9.30-1, Tooth's, 31 Bruton St. W.1. Closing June 3.

NEW English Art Club at Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, 10-5 (Sundays 2-5). Closing 30th: open Whit Monday.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

LEICESTER Galleries: Sickert Paintings from the Emmons Collection. Mary Kessell 1st Exhibition. Leonard Greaves, Memorial Exhibition. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

SLATTER Gallery, 1950 Exhibition. Important Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St., W.1.

LITTLE Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Paintings by Francisco Otta. May 30-June 17.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Ceri Richards, Gouaches by Bryan Wynter and Watercolours by Kenneth Wood. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "Landscapes of Israel" (1949), and other oil paintings by Archibald Ziegler. Mon.-Fri., 10-5 p.m. Suns. 2.30-5.

GARDEN Furniture. There is a display of garden furniture of metal, cane, elm and teak to be found at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd, W.1.

PHOENIX Gallery offers Reproductions of Old Masters, English Landscape studies and the Modern French School. They are available framed and unframed. Write for a catalogue to 38 William IV St., Charing Cross, W.C.2. (Hours: Mon., Fri., 9.30-6.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CHINA Campaign Committee Reception, May 31. Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Van der Sprenkel, Mr. Michael Halliday, recently returned from Peking, Trentsin, Canton. Asian Inst. Gallery, 17 Irving St., W.C.2. Buffet 6-7, speeches 7. Inclusive charge 4s.

JOLIOT-CURIE (Leading French atomic scientist), Nenni (Italian Socialist leader), Fadayev (Soviet author), John Rogge (former U.S. Attorney-General), Dean of Canterbury, etc., will speak at great Ban-the-Atom-Bomb meeting, Lincolns Inn Fields, Thurs., June 1, 7 p.m. Nearest Tube Station, Holborn (Central London or Piccadilly Line).

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. Wed., May 31, 7.30 p.m. N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St. "Norway: Planning in the Post-War Economy." E. Boresen (Commercial Counsellor, Royal Norwegian Embassy). 1s. 6d.

FENNER Brockway, M.P. May 31, 7.30, 1 Broadhurst Gdns., "Germany & Western Europe," Ass. German Social democrats.

YUGOSLAVIA: The Truth. Report back meeting of British Trade Unionists just returned from Yugoslavia. Conway Hall, Fri., June 2, 7.30 p.m. Tickets (free) from British-Yugoslav Friendship Society, Honorary Secretary Margaret Shufeldt, 29 Baydon Court, Lowndes Sq. S.W.1, or at the door.

SHAW Soc.: "Man and Superman" reading: Chair: Esme Percy. 57 Dean St., May 26, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 1s. Details of rambles, discussions, etc. 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. June 3, at 6 p.m. Dr. Ehrenzweig: "Psychologische Unterschiede zwischen England und dem Kontinent."

THEATRE Forum in co-operation with National Peace Council. Sybil Thorndyke speaks on Peace, Victory House, Leicester Sq., May 31, 2.30. Adm. free, coll. All welcome.

VIRGINIA Flemming: "Levelling Up and Levelling Down." At the Ethical Church, 44 Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, May 28, at 11 a.m.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. May 28: The Way of Life.

LUNCH-Hour Talks on Yoga, Tuesdays, 1 p.m., Caxton Hall, S.W.1. May 30: Psychological Methods in Yoga. June 6: What Am I? June 13: From the Unreal to the Real.

SWANI Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30, June 1: "Realisation of God." All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

REFRESHER Course for Tutors in adult education. "Literature in Relation to History," in Hertford College, Oxford, July 1 to 8. Inc. fee £5. One of the aims of the course is to provide contact between teachers of the subjects in adult education and University specialists engaged in teaching or research in the same fields. Particulars from Org. Sec., Oxford University Tutorial Classes Committee, Rewley House, Wellington Square, Oxford.

PART-Time Courses in Club Work with Under 14s. Two one-year part-time Courses, one day and one evening, will begin in London in September, including Child Psychology, specialised activities and theory and practice of Club work. Full particulars from Miss Tuffley, Org. Sec., National Under 14's Council, 5 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. (Dept. B.)

"SELF-Expression in Speech and Writing"—June 23 to 26—a week-end course at Pendley Manor, in the Chilterns. Practical help for everyone in developing powers of expression. Speakers include H. C. Dent, Editor of "Times Educational Supplement." Details from Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. (Tring 2302.)

MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., W.1, and Park Lane, W.1, provides training for High Grade Secretarial posts and has few vacancies left for 1950/1.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

FRENCH, German, Italian or Spanish one-year courses for beginners and all grades commencing in Sept. Vacancies now available for the most intensive linguistic training in daily Classes. Write for Prospectus (free): Schwarz Language Tuition Centre, Ltd., 10 Portman St., Marble Arch, W.1. MAY. 4640.

KING'S Copse House Studio. A residential studio, in ideal country, one hour from London. Private grounds, swimming pool, and woods. Where the artist, or student, may study figure and landscape in an atmosphere of serious training, combined with individual freedom. Contact kept with London and Continental galleries and exhibitions. Particulars from: C. W. Swiny, King's Copse House, Buckleburv Common, Reading. Tel.: Bradfield 26.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd. N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

DUTTON Shorthand, 92 Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1, have theory and speed classes, morning, afternoon and evening; typewriters for practice. 'Phone MUS. 7379 for details.

SPANISH lessons by native teachers. Instituto Español, 58 Princes Gate, S.W.7. Tel.: KEN. 3139.

HOVEL Theatre Studio, 23 St. Ann's Villas, Royal Crescent, W.11. SLO. 1040, BAY. 2093. Full stage training, Stanislavsky Method. Day and evening classes. Apply: Secretary.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Extra-Mural Department. Summer Schools. At Attingham Park, near Shrewsbury: "Music in the Modern World," July 20-25. The Rubbra Trio, Allan Bush, Wilfrid Mellers, Ian Parrott, Edmund Rubbra, Bernard Stevens. "Local Studies," August 28-September 4. At Westham House, near Warwick: "Summer Countryside," June 16-23, "Local Studies," August 19-26. At Dale Fort, Pembrokeshire: "Marine Zoology, Botany, Geology," July 26-August 2. At Stratford-upon-Avon: "Shakespeare and Elizabethan Drama," July 8-August 19. Reduced charges for British students, who may also, if preferred, attend for only one of the two three-week terms. Also Study Tour of British Archaeology, August 19-26. Details from Director of Extra-Mural Studies, The University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3.

FABIAN Summer Schools. July 29-August 12: Centre Culterel International de Royaumont, Asnières-sur-Oise (near Paris), "Our Western Heritage"; July 29-August 5: Courteenhall House, Roade, Northants, "Labour in Britain and the United States"; August 12-19: Glyn House, Y.M.C.A. College, Broadstairs, Kent, "What is Socialism?" August 19-26: Frensham Heights, nr. Farnham, Surrey, "Labour's Appeal." For particulars and illustrated leaflet write: Fabian Society, 11, Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

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